

Bully & Lally

STORIES CHILDREN NEED

BOOKS BY
CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

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DAILY PROGRAM OF GIFT AND OCCUPA-
TION WORK

FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FIRELIGHT STORIES

STORIES AND RHYMES FOR A CHILD

SONGS OF HAPPINESS

FOR THE STORY TELLER

EVERY CHILD'S FOLK SONGS AND GAMES

STORIES CHILDREN NEED

BY

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

AUTHOR OF "FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," "FIRELIGHT STORIES,"
"STORIES AND RHYMES FOR A CHILD" "FOR THE
STORY TELLER," ETC.

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PREFACE

Stories Children Need has been written because I believe that every story told or read to a child should contribute something to the child's mental or spiritual life.

Its scope is a graded course in stories, beginning with those simple, cumulative folk tales that lead to verbal expression on the part of the child and so start his training in language, and ending with the great dramatic stories that stimulate action. Linking these groups are apperceptive stories that lead the child from the home into the world; stories that use and enrich his sensory impressions; suspensive stories and stories of pronounced climax that train his powers of attention; stories that meet the needs of the dawning emotional life; and stories that stimulate the child's imagination in the highest way.

Each of these groups of stories is, in itself, graded. The first story in the group is a simple example of the type, and the following ones carry the child forward, step by step, in the series to the last one which is a test of his powers

PREFACE

gained by hearing the previous stories. This makes it possible for teacher, mother, or child to use the stories, in their printed order, from the first to the last page of the book.

The child's hunger for stories has been met in the schools and in the home with less thought than would be given to his daily dietary. *Stories Children Need* has been planned as a story text book that will make our children's longing for stories result in new and important mental and moral training.

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

New York, 1916.

EDITORIAL NOTE

I am indebted for editorial courtesies in connection with copyrighted material used in *Stories Children Need* to the following publishers:

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CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY.

HOW TO USE THE BOOK

EVERY child has an instinctive hunger for stories, and because we are learning that a child's longings are usually for what he needs for his best development, we tell many stories to children. Until recently, however, story telling has been a desultory force in child training. We have told or read to the child the story that was most readily available, or that one with which we were the most familiar. We have not realized that every story which a child hears becomes a part of his mental and spiritual life; he feels it, thinks about it, and it has a reaction in the application which he makes of it in his daily activities. Knowing this, a very careful selection of stories is necessary as a part of the education of children.

The first expression of the young child is in speech. Those ideas which he has made his own during the first three years of his life find their reaction in words. This primitive form of self-expression, the verbal, should be aided by telling or reading to children those simple stories of

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cumulative, repeating vocabulary, which he can retell, in this way enriching his own vocabulary.

The group of stories that is the first in the collection which follows has for its aim the increasing of the child's powers of self-expression through speech as he hears each story, remembers it, and retells it.

The next type of story that children need is the apperceptive, the story that presents those ideas with which children are familiar up to the time of leaving home for kindergarten or school, but which builds upon this background by leading the children into new fields.

The second group of stories has this apperceptive basis for its aim, leading the child from the known to the unknown, helping him to find new truths by means of the store of truth already made his own through his home life. How the Crickets Brought Good Fortune has for its central character a little boy sent to the baker's shop for a loaf of bread; what could be more comfortably familiar to every child than this well-known setting? But the story goes farther than this; it carries the little boy of the story into paths of usefulness. He brings good fortune to his mother; and the children who listen to the story will be inspired, also, to be the means

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of helping their own mothers at home, having found this lesson through the important mental process of apperception.

The same is true of every story in the apperceptive group. Each has a familiar setting and leads to an unfamiliar, valuable *dénouement*. Dick Whittington, through kindness to a stray cat, finds his success in life. Quaint little Isabella of a century ago discovers that fine clothes do not make a fine time. The story of Oeyvind and Marit is one of the most beautiful love songs of childhood that was ever written, and it begins at home and ends on the first day of school. The last story in the group, Grandfather, by Charles Dickens, one of his few, little-known stories for children, is an allegory of home and family life that every child will be better for hearing and which will give an ideal of the family that the child could gain in no other way.

Having secured the child's attention by means of apperceptive stories, it is time to utilize his developing mind life in the story hour for education and enrichment of the mental faculties. The first and strongest of the child's mental impressions are those that he gains through his senses. Sense training for educating and refining the eye, hand and ear has long been a part

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of home and school training, but we have neglected to utilize in education the great influence of the sensory upon thought. This can be done through stories that stimulate the memory of a certain sense impression and use this memory in making a valuable application of the thought in the child's mental life. This scheme of mental training is new in education; its field is vastly important. Left unutilized, the sensory in thought may develop into the sensual, but if we utilize it for good its value for mind and morals is almost unlimited.

The third group of stories in this collection makes an appeal to the child's early gathered store of sense impressions and utilizes them to teach lessons that are important for his best development. The story of the Queer Little Baker Man, through sensory impressions of taste, teaches unselfishness; so, also, does the old Scandinavian fairy tale, Why the Sea Is Salt. The story of the Golden Touch, through appealing to the hearer's stored up tactile impressions, teaches the wickedness of greed. The ringing of the Bell of Atri, the sweet strains of little Merry-mind's fiddle, and the voice of Echo ringing down through the ages from the lips of Greek story tellers will have their application in

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morals for children, and show the type of sense story for which we must search.

The child whose powers of attention are well developed, who can concentrate upon a matter in hand to the exclusion of everything that is irrelevant, has gone a long way on the road to successful education. This power of willed attention is partly a matter of interest, but it is largely the result of habit. We can establish habits of concentration, early, in children. One valuable means of training the attention is through telling certain types of stories that, by their construction, compel the child's attention.

The fourth and fifth groups of stories are for training the child in powers of attention. They are stories with a strong suspensive element and those that have a surprising climax. Suspense in story telling means making the listener wait, with eager interest, for what is going to happen next. The Bear Who Lost His Supper is an elemental type of the suspensive story. Will the bear eat old Mother Red Cap; will he eat the kids; will he devour Janko and Mirko, the child who hears the story asks? And in this expectation, an involuntary attention is gained that strengthens the child's powers of concentration and starts a valuable mental habit. All of

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the stories in the group of suspensive types are built upon a chain of interesting incidents, each one of which is dependent upon and leads toward the succeeding ones. The children follow the trail of the Little Gray Pony; they search the Green Meadows for the Best Thing in the World; they follow with Daffydowndilly the many disguises of old Mr. Toil; they wait, breathless, to learn what the Fisherman will ask next of the flounder. So, they learn how to listen and how to think attentively, a valuable asset for all education and all life.

The story in which there is a surprising climax is a higher test of children's ability to concentrate than the suspensive story. It makes the listener wait longer, and for this reason it is the ultimate test of the powers of attention. How will they know the real Princess; what is the utility in life of a lame boy like Nahum Prince? These questions can only be answered at the end of the story, and to wait for the answers establishes habits of attention. The highest type of climax in the group is illustrated in the last story, *The Happy Prince*. That the Prince, bereft of everything which had made him beautiful and with only his leaden heart left, could be precious seems unbelievable. But such is the

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case, and the children who patiently wait for this wonderful climax will not only have their attention satisfied but will receive an impulse for other patient concentration that may result as miraculously.

As soon as possible, after having trained the child's developing mental powers by means of stories, we should use the story hour for stimulating important activities in children. The story that helps a child to *think* should be followed by the story that helps him to *do*. Such stories are included in the group that is planned to meet the emotional needs of children. A child must learn to be brave and truthful and charitable and loving, but to teach these moral attributes is a difficult matter unless it can be done in a subtle, indirect way. The story form would seem to be the only rational form of presenting a moral truth in a way that will make the child absorb it and then live it. He is brave in the story drama with the little Dutch boy who saved the dike; he laughs at the quaint humor of Andersen that paints one feather as five hens in, *It Is Quite True*, and in laughter learns honesty through this story. He feels with little Gluck the joy of charity and in Count Tolstoi's inimitable story of Martin, the cobbler, he is led

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to see the image of God in every act of love, no matter how humble it may be.

No type of story has been so much used and, at the same time, abused as the fairy tale. Children are more eager to exercise their powers of imagination than any other mental powers and so we have offered them fairy tales, indiscriminately. They image acts of vengeance, crime, cruelty and avarice in the tales of fancy that we have put into their hands, and we have been regardless of the fact that they are using their powers of mental imagery in a dangerous way.

The only kind of fairy story that is valuable for the developing mind and heart life of the child is that one which stimulates his imagination to play on a higher plane than before he heard it. The powers of imagination have the quality of wizardry; they may build the house of the child's spirit as high as a tower or they may tear it down to its foundations, leaving the soul bare. There is no educational value in the child's picturing the wives of Bluebeard, their heads hung in a grisly row. There is a permanent good to be found for his life when he follows the adventures of the Gradual Fairy who found beauty by giving up all the evil qualities that had made him a green goblin.

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Each of the fairy stories included in the group devoted to the training of the imagination is selected for its highest inspiration of the child's fancy. The quaint old French story of *The Cat* helps children to see and feel, not only in the story but in life, the richness of the humble. Hans Christian Andersen's wonderful allegory of *The Toad* carries the same lesson. His dainty fancy of the adventures of the tiny *Thumbelina* pictures the reward of kindness as the *Swallow*, befriended by *Thumbelina*, in turn befriends her. The East Indian fairy tale of the *Little Cowherd Brother* is an example of the highest form of imaginative story, that in which the forces of the spirit are personified and walk upon the earth with the children.

The dramatic story as illustrated in the last group of stories should have for its aim not alone stimulating children to play the parts of story actors, although those stories have been selected which have had world-wide staging. It should be a force in the drama of life; its characters, its lesson, its settings, should be such that they will help the child to play his own part well on the world stage. It should help him to live better than before he heard it.

Although the group of dramatic stories, be-

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ginning with the pageant of the Months, may be readily used for simple dramatization in school or home, the children hearing, learning and then playing the action of each story, their main use is a higher one. Each story is a real drama, a staging of some great life truth. These truths, the children who hear the stories will feel and apply in the great play of their dawning world life.

Faithfulness as exemplified in the service of the seven dwarfs and the reward of virtue in the return of Snowdrop to life and action make this story truly dramatic. The story of Hansel and Gretel stages the punishment of evil as personified in the character of the witch and in the provident care of the two children by the watchful spirits of the Forest of Ilsestein, the Sand Man and the Dew Fairy. The lesson of the Blue Bird, the finding of happiness in giving it, may be felt and applied by any child. For children to recognize the divinity of the Kingly Children is to make potent in their lives the Fiddler's song, "Those who are dead shall rise again."

Following the natural development of the child's mental and spiritual life from the period when he is discovering expression through

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speech to the very much later stage when he struggles to express himself in dramatic activity, the stories that he hears will form his most permanent education. Those included in the several groups which follow may be used, in order, throughout the entire period of this unfolding of child life.

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STORIES THAT AID IN VERBAL EXPRESSION

THE RABBIT'S HOUSEKEEPER

THERE was once a woman who had a beautiful cabbage garden; and there came a rabbit and ate up nearly all the cabbages. So the woman said to her little girl,

"Go into the garden and drive out the rabbit."

"*Shoo; shoo!*" cried the little girl. "Do not eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit."

"Then come, child," said the rabbit, "and sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit hutch," but the little girl would not.

Again, on another day, back came the rabbit and ate the cabbages until the woman said once more to her little girl,

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"Go into the garden and drive away the rabbit."

"Shoo, shoo!" said the little girl, "do not eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit."

"Then come, child," said the rabbit, "sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit hutch," but the little girl would not.

And a third time back came the rabbit and ate away at the cabbages until the woman said a third time to the little girl,

"Go into the garden and drive away the rabbit."

"Shoo, shoo!" said the little girl, "do not eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit."

"Come then, child!" said the rabbit, "sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit hutch."

So the little girl at last seated herself on the rabbit's tail and the rabbit took her to his hutch.

"Now," he said in a very important manner, "You must stay here and be my housekeeper. Set yourself to work and cook some beans and cabbage. I am going out to invite the guests for dinner."

Very soon these guests were all invited. Who do you suppose they were? All the hares came and a crow and a fox. The table was spread under a rainbow but the little girl was very sor-

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rowful. She was lonely and did not wish to be the rabbit's housekeeper. She wanted to go home to her mother.

"Get up and wait on the table, and sing!" said the rabbit when he saw her moping in a corner. "Sing, I say, and make my guests merry."

But the little girl began to cry and the rabbit went away to fetch more company.

While he was gone the little girl hid herself and made a figure of straw. She dressed it in her own clothes and gave it a red mouth and set it to watch the kettle of cabbage and beans. Then she went home to her mother.

Back again hopped the rabbit saying, "Get up, get up and sing," and he went and hit the straw figure so that it tumbled down.

He went up closer and poked it and was very much surprised and also very much frightened. He thought that he had killed his housekeeper and that he must never go back to the cabbage garden again because of what the little girl's mother would say about it to him.

THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Once upon a time there was an old gray Pussy and she was down by the waterside when the

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trees and the ground were white with snow. And there she saw a wee, wee Robin Redbreast hopping upon a branch, so Pussy said to him,

"Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Pussy, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the gray Pussy replied, "Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I will let you see the bonny white necklace that I wear around my neck."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Pussy. You may show the bonny white necklace that you wear around your neck to the little mice, but not to me."

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a wall of turf and there he saw a greedy Hawk sitting and watching to see what small birds passed by. And the greedy Hawk called to him and said, "Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Hawk, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the greedy Hawk replied, "Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I'll let you

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se a bonny green feather that I wear in my wing."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no, greedy Hawk. You have pecked all the tiny birds but you'll not peck me."

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a hollow in the hillside and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. The sly Fox saw Robin and called to him, "Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Fox, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the sly Fox replied, "Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I will show you a bonny spot on the tip of my tail."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no, sly Fox. You may show the bonny spot on the tip of your tail to the lambs but not to me."

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a little shepherd Lad sitting beside his cot. The little shepherd Lad saw Robin and called to him, "Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the shepherd Lad, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

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And the shepherd Lad replied, "Go not yet. Come here and I will give you some crumbs from my pouch."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no little shepherd Lad. You caught the goldfinch but you'll not catch me."

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to the King, and he sat him down upon a plowshare just outside of the King's window, and he sang him a pretty song because it was such a good Yule morning. The King was very much pleased indeed and he said to the Queen, "What shall we give the wee, wee Robin Redbreast for singing us such a pretty song?"

The Queen thought and thought and at last she decided. "I think we will give the wee, wee Robin Redbreast a wee Wren to be his wife," the Queen said to the King.

So the wee, wee Robin Redbreast and the wee Wren were married and the King and Queen and all the court and the whole countryside danced at their wedding. And after the wedding they flew home to the Robin's own water-side.

THE MOUSE AND THE SAUSAGE

Once upon a time, a long, long while ago, there were a little gray mouse and a little brown sausage who loved each other so dearly that they decided to live together.

So they made all of their plans in such a way that their work could be managed with the greatest ease. One day one would go to market or take a walk in the fields while the other kept house, and the next day the one who kept house would go out, turn and turn about.

It happened that one day when the little brown sausage had boiled a cabbage for dinner, the little gray mouse returned from the village with a huge appetite, and exclaimed, "There was never so delicious a dish of boiled cabbage as this. How did you make it so tasty."

"With myself," replied the sausage modestly. "I popped myself into the pot for a while as the cabbage was boiling."

The next day it was the turn of the mouse to get the dinner and she said to herself. "We will have beans for dinner and I will do as good a turn for my dear friend, the little brown sausage, as she did for me." And with that she

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sliced the beans and boiled the water in the pot and tossed them in and then in she jumped herself, not thinking that a sausage may do many things that a mouse may not.

Then the little brown sausage came home and she found the house empty and lonely. She peeped into the pot where the beans were cooking and there she saw what had happened to the little gray mouse. She had stayed too long in her cookery, and when she wanted to climb out of the pot she was not able to do so.

The little brown sausage was inconsolable. She refused to be comforted but always mourned for her friend. And to this day you can hear her telling her sorrow upon a gridiron or sauce pan that is hot.

"P—poor m—mouse! P—poor m—mouse!"
every sausage will say.

THE GREEDY PARROT

Once upon a time there was a parrot who owned a farm in partnership with a cat; and the cat was very industrious but the parrot was lazy.

It came time to plow the fields to make them ready for the planting, so the cat spoke to the parrot and said, "Friend Parrot, will you come and help me with the plowing?"

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But the parrot would not. "I cannot help you with the plowing," he said, "because I am busy sharpening my bill on a banyan tree."

So the cat got out his plow and drove it up and down the field until all the furrows were cut and it was ready for the planting. Then the cat spoke a second time to the parrot and said, "Friend Parrot, will you come and help me with the planting?"

But the parrot would not.

"I cannot help you with the planting," he said, "because I am busy sharpening my bill upon a banyan tree."

So the cat took his sack of grain over his back and went up and down the field, scattering grain with his paws in every furrow until the field was all planted. And the rain fell and the sun shone upon the grain until it sprouted, and grew, and was ready to be cut down. So the cat spoke a third time to the parrot and said, "Friend Parrot, will you come and help me cut down the wheat?"

But the parrot would not.

"I cannot help you cut down the wheat," he said, "because I am busy sharpening my bill on a banyan tree."

So the cat fetched his scythe and went up and

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down the field cutting down the wheat and binding it into sheaves. Then he carried all the wheat upon his back, one sheaf at a time, to the barn because it was time for the threshing. Then the cat spoke another time to the parrot and said, "Friend Parrot, will you come and help me with the threshing?"

But the parrot would not.

"I cannot help you with the threshing," he said "because I am still busy sharpening my bill upon a banyan tree."

So the cat started his threshing machine and did all the threshing himself. He separated the wheat from the chaff and filled ten bags with fine wheat flour, five bags of flour for the parrot and five for himself. Then he spoke to the parrot for the last time.

"Friend Parrot," said the cat, "if you have finished sharpening your bill on a banyan tree, will you come and take your share of the flour?"

"Indeed I will," said the parrot; "my bill is now as sharp as it needs to be," and with that he tumbled out of the banyan tree in his haste to get the flour and bumped his head so hard that it was the end of him. So the cat had ten bags of flour instead of only five.

THE PANCAKE

Once upon a time there was a woman who had five hungry little boys and she was frying a pancake for them. It was made of wheat flour and white milk and as it lay, sizzling and bubbling in the frying pan, the five hungry little boys all crowded around it.

"Oh, give me a piece of the Pancake, mother dear!" said one little boy.

"Oh, dear, good mother, give me a piece of the Pancake," said the second little boy.

"Oh, dear, good, kind mother, give me a piece of the Pancake," said the third little boy.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, clever mother, give me a piece of the Pancake," said the fourth little boy.

"Oh, dear, good, kind, clever, beautiful mother, give me a piece of the Pancake," said the fifth little boy.

So they begged for the Pancake all around for each was hungrier than the other and when the Pancake heard them it was afraid. It turned in the pan all of itself and it sprang out upon the floor and it rolled away like a cart wheel through the door and down the hill.

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"Wait, I say! Wait, Pancake!" cried the woman and away she ran after it with her frying pan in one hand and her spoon in the other as fast as she could. After her ran all the hungry little boys.

"Stop it; seize it! There is a pancake running away!" they called out to every one they met but the Pancake was faster on its feet than any of them and was soon so far ahead as to be out of their sight. On and on it rolled until it came to a man in the road.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Man.

"The same to you, Manny Panny," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Man.
"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a mother and her five hungry little boys," replied the Pancake. "I'll get away from you, too, Manny Panny," and with that he was off and rolled on and on until he met a hen.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Hen.

"The same to you, Henny Penny," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Hen.
"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a mother and her five

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hungry little boys and Manny Panny," replied the Pancake. "I'll get away from you, too, Henny Penny," and with that he was off and rolled on and on until he met a cock.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Cock.

"The same to you, Cocky Locky," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Cock.

"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a mother and her five little boys and from Manny Panny and Henny Penny," replied the Pancake. "I'll get away from you, too, Cocky Locky," and with that he was off and rolled on and on until he met a duck.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Duck.

"The same to you, Ducky Lucky," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Duck.

"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a woman and her five hungry little boys, from Manny Panny, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky. I'll get away from you, too, Ducky Lucky," replied the Pancake and with that he was off and rolled on and on until he met a goose.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Goose.

"The same to you," said the Pancake.

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"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Goose.
"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a woman and her five hungry little boys, from Manny Panny, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky. I'll get away from you, too, Goosey Poosey," replied the Pancake and with that he was off and rolled on and on until he met a gander.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Gander.

"The same to you," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Gander.
"Stop a while that I may eat you."

"I've got away from a woman and her five hungry little boys, from Manny Panny, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky and Goosey Poosey," replied the Pancake. "I'll get away from you, Gander Pander," and with that he was off and rolled on and on. And when the Pancake had rolled and rolled and rolled for a long time it met a pig.

"Good day, Pancake," said the Pig.

"The same to you," said the Pancake.

"Why do you go so fast?" asked the Pig.
"You needn't be in such a hurry. Two may journey side by side and in that way see the world together."

Mind you, he said nothing about eating the Pancake.

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"I've got away from a woman and her five hungry little boys, from Manny Panny, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Poosey and Gander Pander," replied the Pancake, "but I have an idea there is something in what you say, Piggy Wig."

And with that the two started off down the road together. But after they had gone a while they came to a brook. The Pig was so fat that he could swim safely across it without sinking but, alas, how was poor Pancake to get across.

"Seat yourself on my snout," said the Pig, "and I will swim over with you."

So the Pancake seated himself upon the Pig's snout.

Ouf, ouf! went the pig and he swallowed the Pancake as he had intended doing all along.

THE RABBIT WHO WAS AFRAID

Once upon a time, a very long way from here, a little wild Rabbit sat under a tall palm tree. All about him were other tall palm trees and larger animals than he and the little wild Rabbit thought and thought. And after the Rabbit had thought a while he said to himself, "What if the earth should crack and swallow me up," which made him very much afraid.

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Just then the wind blew a cocoanut down from a tree and it fell upon the ground right beside the little wild Rabbit. Up he jumped in great fear for now he was sure that what he had dreaded was happening.

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit and off he scampered as fast as he could, never stopping to try and find out what it was that had made the noise.

As he ran he met his Mother and she said to him, "Why do you run so fast?"

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and I run that I may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit, and his Mother ran with him.

As they ran, they met his Father and he said to the Rabbit, "Why do you run so fast?"

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit and his Mother, and his Father ran with them.

As they ran they met an Elephant, and he said to the Rabbit, "Why do you run so fast?"

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit and his Mother and his Father, and the Elephant ran with them.

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As they ran they passed a Deer. "Why do you run so fast?" he asked of the Rabbit.

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit and his Mother and his Father and the Elephant, and the Deer ran with them.

As they ran they met a Fox. "Why do you run so fast?" the Fox asked of the Rabbit.

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit and his Mother and his Father and the Elephant and the Deer, and the Fox ran with them.

As they ran they met his Relations, and they said to the Rabbit, "Why do you run so fast?"

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

On ran the Rabbit and his Mother and his Father and the Elephant and the Deer and the Fox, and a hundred of his Relations ran with him.

As they ran they came upon the Lion, who is the King of the Beasts, and the Lion said to the Rabbit, "Why do you run so fast?"

"The earth is cracking," said the Rabbit, "and we run that we may not be swallowed up by it."

But the Lion, who is the King of the Beasts, did not run. He spoke again, "Which one of you is it who saw the earth cracking?" he asked, because he felt sure that there must be some mistake about it.

"It was not I, O King," replied the Elephant.

"Nor was it I, O King," said the Deer and the Fox and each of the Rabbit's hundred Relations and his Father and his Mother until all had spoken except the Rabbit himself.

"Is it true that the earth is cracking?" asked the Lion of the Rabbit.

"It is true, O King," replied the Rabbit. "I sat under a palm tree thinking of what would happen to me if the earth were to break up. Suddenly I heard a loud noise as it cracked."

"Then we must go back and see how wide the crack is," said the Lion. "Rabbit, jump upon my back and show me the way."

So the Rabbit jumped upon the Lion's back and away they went as fast as the wind while the other animals all waited for them. The Rabbit guided the Lion to the place where he had sat beneath the palm tree and the Lion saw the cocoanut lying on the ground.

"What a foolish Rabbit you are!" said the Lion who is King of all the Beasts. Then he

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went back to the other beasts and told them that the earth was not yet cracked.

If it had not been for the Lion, they might all have been running until to-day.

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HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

THE baker's shop was full of all kinds of good things, brown and white loaves, buns that were full of currants and little round cakes. The door opened and a little boy came in. He was poor but his clothes were perfectly clean.

"Ma'am," he said to the baker's wife. "Mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

The woman reached up and took from the shelf of four pound loaves the best one that she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

"Have you any money?" asked the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad.

"No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse, "but my mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Then run along," said the good woman; "carry your bread home, child."

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"Thank you, ma'am," said the little fellow.

But instead of leaving, the boy with the big loaf stood stock still in the middle of the store.

"What are you doing there?" asked the baker's wife of the child whom she had supposed to be halfway home by this time. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer she will think that you are playing by the way."

The child did not seem to want to leave. Something else held his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder, "What are you thinking about?" she said.

"Tell me," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes," cried the little fellow. "Hear it! *Queek, queek, queek, queek.*"

The woman listened but she could hear nothing unless it was the song of the crickets, who are frequent visitors in bakers' houses.

"It is a bird," said the little boy, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No, indeed, little goose," said the woman.

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"Those are crickets. They sing in the bake house because we are lighting the oven and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" exclaimed the child. "Are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," she answered good naturedly. The boy's face lighted up.

"I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket," he said.

"A cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling, "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house to get rid of them, they run about so."

"Oh, ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please," said the child, clasping his thin hands underneath the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home my mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your mother cry?" asked the baker's wife.

"On account of her debts, ma'am," said the little boy. "Father is dead and mother works very hard but she cannot pay them all."

Then the baker's wife went out into the bake house and had her husband catch four crickets

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and put them into a box with holes in the cover so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child who went away perfectly happy. After he had gone she took down her account book and finding the page where the mother's debts were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, *paid*.

Meanwhile a man who had been watching it all in the baker's shop took quite a sum of money from his pockets and begged the baker's wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-boy with her bill receipted and a note in which he told her that she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs and told him to make haste. The child, with the big loaf, his four crickets and his short legs could not run very fast. The baker's boy reached his home first so that when the little one came he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the coming of his four little black things which had worked the miracle and was he mistaken? Without the crickets and his good little heart, would this

happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

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DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

There was once a little boy whose name was Richard Whittington; but everybody called him Dick. He had been all alone in the world ever since he was a baby, and the people who had the care of him were very poor. Dick was not old enough to work, and so he had a hard time of it indeed. Sometimes he had no breakfast, and sometimes he had no dinner.

In the town where Dick lived the people were always talking about London. None of them had ever been to the great city, but they seemed to know all about the wonderful things which were to be seen there.

Dick wished that he could go to London.

One day a big wagon drawn by eight horses, all with bells on their heads, drove into the little town. Dick saw the wagon standing by the inn, and he thought that it must be going to the fine city of London. When the driver came out and was ready to start, Dick ran up and asked if he

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might walk by the side of the wagon. And when the driver learned how poor Dick was, with no father, nor mother, he told him that he might do as he liked.

It was a long walk for the little lad; but by and by he came to the city of London. He was in such a hurry to see the wonderful sights that he forgot to thank the driver of the wagon. He ran as fast as he could from one street to another, until he was tired, and could run no farther. By and by Dick grew so faint and weary that he could go no farther. He sat down by the door of a fine house and wished he were back again in the little town where he was born.

Just then the master of the house, whose name was Mr. Fitzwarren, came home to dinner. When he saw the ragged little fellow at his door he said,

"My lad, what are you doing here?"

"I should like to work," Dick said, "if I could find anything to do."

"Poor little fellow!" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "Come in, and I will see what I can do for you." And he ordered the cook to give the lad a good dinner and then to find some light work for him to do.

So Dick carried out the ashes, washed the

dishes, swept the floor and brought in the wood. His bed was in a garret at the top of the house, far away from the rooms where the other people slept. There were many holes in the floor and walls, and every night a great number of rats and mice came in. They tormented Dick so much that he did not know what to do.

One day a gentleman gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, and he made up his mind that he would buy a cat with it. The very next morning he met a girl who was carrying a cat in her arms.

"I will give you a penny for that cat," said Dick.

"All right," the girl said; "you may have her, and you will find that she is a good mouser, too!"

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and every day he carried a part of his dinner to her. It was not long before she had driven away all the rats and mice, and Dick could sleep soundly every night.

Some time after that, a ship that belonged to Mr. Fitzwarren was about to start on a voyage across the sea. It was loaded with goods which were to be sold in lands far away. Mr. Fitzwarren wanted to give his servants a chance for good fortune, too, and so he called all of them into the parlor, and asked if they had anything

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they would like to send out in the ship for trade.

Every one had something to send—every one but Dick.

“I have nothing in the world,” he said, “but a little cat which I bought for a penny.”

“Fetch your cat, then,” said Mr. Fitzwarren, “and let her go out. Who knows but what she will bring you some profit.”

So Dick, with tears in his eyes, carried poor puss down to the ship, and gave her to the captain and everybody laughed at his queer venture.

Mr. Fitzwarren’s ship made a long voyage, and at last reached a strange land on the other side of the sea. The people had never seen any white people before, and they came in great crowds to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded, and it was not long before the King sent word for the Captain to come to the palace.

The Captain came. He was shown into a beautiful room, and given a seat on a rich carpet all flowered with silver and gold. The King and Queen were seated not far away; and soon a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had scarcely begun to eat when an army of rats and mice rushed in and devoured all the meat before any one could hinder them. The

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Captain wondered at this, and asked if it were not very unpleasant to have so many rats and mice about.

"Oh, yes!" said one of the servants. "It is indeed unpleasant, and the King would give half his treasure if he could get rid of them."

The Captain jumped for joy. He remembered the cat which little Dick Whittington had sent out; and he told the King that he had a little creature on board his ship who would soon make short work of the pests.

Then it was the King's turn to jump for joy; and he jumped so high that his yellow turban dropped off his head.

"Bring the creature to me," he said; "if she will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold."

The Captain pretended to be very sorry to part with the cat; but at last he went down to the ship to get her, while the King and Queen made haste to order another dinner.

The Captain, with puss under his arm, reached the palace just in time to see the table crowded again with rats. The cat leaped out upon them, and oh, what havoc she made among them! Most of them were soon stretched dead upon the floor, while the rest scampered away to their holes, and did not dare to come out again.

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The King had never been so glad in his life; and the Queen asked that the creature who had done so much good might be brought to her. The Captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and the cat came up and rubbed against his legs. At first the Queen was afraid to touch her, but the Captain put her down on the Queen's lap where she purred and purred until she went to sleep.

The King at once made a bargain with the Captain for all the goods on board the ship; and then he gave him *ten* times as much for the cat as all the rest came to.

Then the Captain bade the King and Queen good-by, and the very next day set sail for England.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren was sitting at his desk in his office. He heard some one tap at his door and he said,

"Who's there?"

"A messenger," was the answer. "I have come to bring you news of your ship."

Mr. Fitzwarren jumped up quickly and opened the door. Whom should he see waiting there but the Captain with a bill of lading in one hand and a box of jewels in the other. He was full of joy as he told the story of the cat and

showed the rich present which the King and Queen had sent Dick in payment. As soon as Mr. Fitzwarren heard the Captain's story he sent for Dick.

Dick was scouring the pots when word was brought to him that he should go to the office.

"Oh, I am so dirty," he said, "and my shoes are full of hob-nails," but he was told to make haste.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and Dick began to think they were making fun of him.

"I beg that you won't play tricks with a poor boy like me," he said. "Please let me go back to my work."

"Mr. Whittington," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is no joke at all. The Captain has sold your cat, and has brought you in return for her more riches than I have in the whole world."

Then he opened the box of jewels, and showed Dick his treasures.

The poor boy did not know what to do. He begged his master to take a part of it; but Mr. Fitzwarren said,

"No, it is all your own, and I feel sure that you will make good use of it."

But Dick was too kind-hearted to keep every-

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thing for himself. He gave presents to the Captain and the sailors and to all the servants. Then Dick had his face washed, and his hair curled, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes; and he was as handsome a lad as ever walked the streets of London.

Do you wonder what became of him. Why, he became a great merchant in London. Three times did the people make him Lord Mayor, and then King Henry V made him a knight. He built a famous archway near London, and for three hundred years, one could see, cut in stone at the top of the arch—Sir Richard Whittington and his good little cat.

ISABELLA AND THE GREEN SILK FROCK

Isabella had worn nothing but a plain white frock until she was eight years old. Neat red morocco shoes with silver buckles set off her small feet. Her hair curled naturally upon her shoulders. But one day Isabella went to visit some other little girls who, although they were no older than she, were dressed already like ladies. She looked at their rich clothes and her heart was filled with vain longings to be dressed as they were.

"Dear mamma," Isabella said when she returned, "if you please, will you give me a fine silk frock and embroidered shoes such as the three little Askwell girls wore this afternoon?"

"If it will really please you, I will let you have all you wish," her mother said, "but I do not think that all this elegance will make you as happy as you think. You will be much more comfortable in your plain frock."

Two days later Isabella had an exquisite frock sent home. It was of pea green silk with fine pink trimmings. There was also a pair of straw worked shoes to match. It was a lovely dress and charmed the eye; but when Isabella put it on, it was easily seen that she was not very comfortable. She held her arms stiffly and could not move about easily and her little face was almost lost amidst such a quantity of flowers, silk and ribbons.

But she was quite delighted with her own appearance and she begged her mother to invite a number of her little friends to spend the afternoon that she might enjoy their looks of surprise and envy when they should see her fine clothes. When they came, eager to play and enjoy themselves, she walked up and down before them like a peacock or as if she had been a queen and they her subjects.

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The children were allowed to go out and play in the meadow not far from the house where Isabella lived. It was a beautiful meadow, jeweled with wild flowers where butterflies hovered about, fluttering their wings of a thousand colors. The children followed the butterflies this way and that way all over the meadow, and when they grew tired of that they began to gather the flowers which they made into wreaths and nosegays.

Isabella wanted to share in the fun but the ground was much too damp, they told her. She would stain her shoes and spoil her fine frock.

In the corner of the flowery meadow there was a little grove where the birds sang delightfully in the trees and seemed to invite every one to come and enjoy the coolness of the green shade. The children very soon left the meadow and entered the grove, skipping with joy as they went. Isabella wanted to go too but they all warned her not to.

"The bushes will tear your trimmings," they called back; "you had much better not come."

But the youngest of her visitors was sorry for Isabella. She had just found a corner where there were a quantity of ripe wild strawberries and so she beckoned to Isabella to come and

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share them. Isabella hurried joyfully at the signal but she had scarcely entered the grove when the children heard her cry in distress.

They all came running to the spot and there they found poor Isabella fastened by the gauze and ribbon of her dress to a branch of white-thorn. It was not until she had lost a whole ruffle that she could be set free.

Isabella's playmates tried to comfort her and they helped to smooth her down after they had freed her from the white-thorn. Then they all ran off in search of fresh amusement and began to climb a hill which was at some distance from the meadow.

Isabella tried to follow them, but it was no use. Her smart shoes, which had been made so as to set off her little feet, pinched her sadly. She was obliged to walk slowly and she could not run. By this time the top of the hill had been reached and the children were enjoying the beautiful view of yellow harvest fields and green meadows and the broad silver river that flowed between. It was all so pretty and the air was so delicious that the children danced about with joy while Isabella sat at the foot of the hill in sorrow.

"What is the use of all my fine clothes?" she said to herself. "They only keep me from having a good time."

As she was thinking this, she suddenly saw the children come racing down the hill at full speed.

"Run, run, Isabella!" they cried as they passed her. "There is a dreadful storm coming up behind the hill. If you don't make haste you will get wet."

Isabella jumped up in haste. She forgot her weariness and her pinched feet and started off as fast as she could to reach some place of shelter. But every moment she was stopped, at one time by her flounces which caught in the narrow path, at another by her train which the bushes caught. At that moment, too, the storm began and there fell a shower of hail and rain mixed together. The children had all reached shelter but Isabella was still far behind.

At last, though, she reached home, but wet through and through. She had left one of her fine shoes behind her in the mud and a gust of wind had blown off her hat into the middle of a pool of water.

Her mother led the dripping little figure into her room and began to undress her as fast as possible but it was no easy task for the sleet and the rain had glued Isabella's fine clothes tightly together. The whole frock was entirely spoiled and good for nothing.

"Shall I order another silk dress to be made for you?" her mother asked.

"Oh, no, mamma," Isabella cried. "I don't think that fine clothes can ever make people happy."

So Isabella was dressed once more in her white frock and red morocco shoes. She could dance and run about now as much as she liked and she was as happy as the day was long.

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR CATS

When I was a little girl I knew the two Miss Ferrys who lived in a pretty little yellow cottage and had four splendid cats.

Nobody ever saw such cats. They were almost twice as large as common cats. Miss Esther Ferry used to say that if there were anything in the world she utterly despised it was a little dwarf of a cat; and as soon as she began to talk about it, her black cat, Tom, used to stand right up and bulge himself out until all the hairs of his fur stood out like the spokes of a wheel. Tom and Spitfire were Miss Esther's cats, and Spunk and Yellow belonged to Miss Jane.

Strangers never could decide which of the cats was the best looking. Tom was as black as ink

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—not a white or gray hair about him. Spitfire was a Maltese, of the loveliest mouse color all over with a great white star on her breast. Spunk was pure white and her eyes shone like topazes in the sunlight. Yellow was a tortoiseshell cat, black and yellow and white; he was the largest and the fiercest of the four.

You will hardly believe it but these cats used to sit in high chairs at the table and feed themselves with their paws like squirrels. They had little tin plates with their names stamped on them and when I went to the Miss Ferrys for tea I used to change the cats' plates and then watch to see what they would do.

Yellow was the only one who would eat out of any plate but his own; he was greedy and did not care. But the others would look down at the plate, smell of it and begin to mew. Once Black Tom jumped right across the table to Spunk, who had his plate, pushed her out of her chair and dragged the plate away.

The best time that we ever had in that dear yellow cottage was at a Christmas party which the old ladies gave for the cats. I don't believe there ever was such a party heard of before or since.

There were invitations—all sent out in one

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forenoon, two days before Christmas. Such a hubbub as all the children in town were in! The invitations were written on bright pink paper, and read,

"The Miss Ferrys request the pleasure of your company on Christmas Eve, from six until nine o'clock. Please bring your cat. There will be a Christmas tree for cats.

"Each cat is expected to wear a paper ruff.

"The servants can come to take the cats home at half-past seven."

I looked at a picture of a queen in a ruff and then I cut one out and put it on my cat Midge. She was a little gray cat whom nobody ever called good looking but whom I loved very dearly. She tore the ruff off in about half a minute. But I made six more, one red, one green, one blue and three white to carry to the party and put on Midge occasionally if Miss Esther and Miss Jane thought best.

By a quarter before six o'clock on Christmas Eve a droll procession was to be seen walking toward the yellow cottage. Each boy and girl carried a cat hugged tightly, and as it was pitchy dark the cats' eyes shone out like little balls of fire moving about in the air. We had a dreadful time taking off our things in the hall for the

cats all began to mew they were so frightened. We had on our everyday clothes for our mothers said that the cats would probably fight and spill things; but Miss Esther and Miss Jane were dressed in their best stiff black silks and had on their largest gold chains. We felt quite ashamed until we forgot about our clothes.

I did not go until six o'clock for I did not want to have Midge the first cat in the room, she was such an ugly little thing; but as soon as I went into the parlor I laughed so that I dropped her right on the floor and she put her paw through the blue ruff she wore and tore it off before Miss Esther had seen it.

There sat Tom and Spunk and Spitfire and Yellow, all in a row, in their high chairs with enormous paper ruffs, so big that ours looked like nothing at all beside them. Tom had a white one, Spitfire's was deep blue, which was beautiful with her gray fur. Spunk had a shining black ruff and Yellow's was fiery red. There they sat as solemn as judges, although everybody in the room was laughing at them. Six cats beside Midge had already arrived and had hid themselves under the chairs and tables, looking very miserable. Miss Esther and Miss Jane looked very proud of their cats who really did

behave as if they had all their lives been accustomed to receiving company.

By a quarter past six the guests had all arrived, twelve girls, eight boys and twenty cats. The room was large but it seemed crowded and it was hard getting about, without stepping on a cat, especially as every one was laughing so that they could hardly walk straight.

At half past six the doors were thrown open into the library and there stood the Tree. It was a thick fir tree and it had twenty splendid Chinese lanterns on it, all in a blaze of light. There were twenty-four small bottles of cream, tied on by bright red ribbons; twenty-four worsted balls, scarlet and white and yellow; and as many as two hundred gay colored bonbon papers with fringe at the ends.

We all took up our cats in our arms and marched into the room and stood around the tree. Then the cats' high chairs were brought in and placed, two on the right and two on the left of the tree; and Tom and Spitfire and Spunk and Yellow were put into them.

I never would have believed that cats could be so still; they all looked as grave as if they were watching for rats.

Miss Esther rang a bell and the maid brought

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in twenty-four small tin pans on a tray. Then Miss Jane told us each to take a bottle of cream off the tree and empty it into a pan for our cat. This took a long time for none of us dared to put our cat down for a minute. Such a lapping and spattering as they made drinking the cream! It sounded like rain on window blinds.

After this Miss Esther distributed the bonbon papers by handfuls and told us to "let the dear cats eat all they could." Some of the papers had nice bits of roast veal in them; some had toasted cheese, and some had chicken wings.

The cats all wanted the chicken wings and as there were only a few it made trouble. And although we tried to keep the cats in our laps and feed them out of our fingers they were more accustomed to eating from the floor and would jump down. Then one cat would see another with a bit of meat that looked nicer than her own and she would drop hers and fly, spitting and snatching, after the other. Before we were through, we were rather tired and the cats, too, had more than they ought to eat and got cross, just like children who have been stuffed. But all this time, Tom and Spitfire and Spunk and Yellow sat up in their high chairs as grand as so many kings on thrones and had two little tables before them from which they ate daintily.

At last Miss Esther said, "Now we will give the cats a game of ball," and she took a red worsted ball from the tree and threw it out into the parlor. Midge sprang after it like lightning. Then we all took balls and threw them and the cats ran after them. For a few minutes there was a jumble of cats and balls on the floor. But as soon as the cats found out that the balls were not something to eat, all except the kittens walked off and sat down, just like grown-up men and women, around the sides of the room. This was the funniest sight of all for they all began to wash their faces and paws.

Pretty soon the door bell rang.

"Mr. Dickinson's man has come for Willie's cat," Miss Jane said.

We all laughed harder than ever then, and next came our Bridget to fetch Midge. I must say I was glad to get rid of her. In a few minutes the cats were all gone and we looked at each other and wondered what was going to happen next. Tom and Spunk had got down from their chairs and gone to sleep in front of the fire; and Yellow and Spitfire were playing with the bits of paper which were scattered on the floor. What with the bonbon papers and the torn ruffs it looked like a paper mill.

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We were just proposing a game of Blind Man's Buff when Miss Esther opened the dining-room door. Oh, how we jumped and screamed when we saw the fine supper table that was spread for us. Everything was so good and plain that we could eat all we liked without getting ill. Miss Esther and Miss Jane walked around the table all the time and slipped oranges and apples in our pockets for us to carry home, and kept begging us to eat more chicken and bread and butter.

When we went away, we each had one of the splendid Chinese lanterns given us and I thought for years and years afterward that it would be the nicest thing in the world to live in a little yellow cottage with one sister and four big cats.

OEYVIND AND MARIT

Oeyvind was his name. A low barren cliff overhung the house in which he was born; fir and birch looked down on the roof, and wild cherry strewed flowers over it. Upon this roof there walked about a little goat, which belonged to Oeyvind. He was kept there that he might not go astray; and Oeyvind carried leaves and grass up to him. One fine day the goat leaped

down, and—away to the cliff; he went straight up, and came where he had never been before. Oeyvind did not see him when he came out after dinner, and thought immediately of the fox. He looked around, and called, "Killy-killy-killy-goat!"

"Bay-ay-ay," said the goat, from the brow of the hill, as he cocked his head on one side and looked down.

But at the side of the goat kneeled a little girl.

"Is it yours,—this goat?" she asked.

Oeyvind stood with his eyes and mouth wide open, thrust both hands into the breeches he had on, and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, the elf in the house, granddaughter of Ole Nordistuen of the Heide farms, four years old in the autumn two days after the frost nights, I!"

"Are you really?" he said, and drew a long breath, which he had not dared to do so long as she was speaking.

"Is it yours; this goat?" asked the girl again.

"Ye-es," he said, and looked up.

"I have taken such a fancy to the goat. You will not give it to me?"

"No, that I won't."

"But if I give you a butter-cake for the goat, can I have him then?" she asked.

Oeyvind came of poor people, and had eaten butter-cake only once in his life. That was when grandpapa came there, and anything like it he had never eaten before nor since. He look up at the girl. "Let me see the butter-cake first," said he.

She was not long about it; took out a large cake, which she held in her hand. "Here it is," she said, and threw it down.

"Ow, it went to pieces," said the boy. He gathered up every bit with the utmost care; he could not help tasting the very smallest, and that was so good he had to taste another and, before he knew it himself, he had eaten up the whole cake.

"Now the goat is mine," said the girl. The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth, the girl lay and laughed, and the goat stood by her side, with white breast and dark brown hair, looking sideways down.

"Could you not wait a little while?" begged the boy; his heart began to beat. Then the girl laughed still more and got up quickly on her knees.

"No, the goat is mine," she said, and threw her arms round its neck, loosened one of her garters, and fastened it round. Oeyvind looked up. She got up, and began pulling at the goat; it would not follow, and twisted its neck downwards to where Oeyvind stood. "Bay-ay-ay," it said. But she took hold of its hair with one hand, pulled the string with the other, and said gently, "Come, goat, and you shall go into the room and eat out of mother's dish and my apron."

There stood the boy.

He had taken care of the goat since the winter before, when it was born, and he had never imagined he could lose it; but now it was gone in a moment, and he should never see it again.

His mother came up singing from the beach, with wooden pans which she had scoured; she saw the boy sitting with his legs crossed under him on the grass, crying, and she went up to him.

"What are you crying about?"

"Oh, the goat, the goat!"

"Yes; where is the goat?" asked his mother, looking up at the roof.

"It will never come back again," said the boy.

"Dear me! how could that happen?"

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He would not confess immediately.

"Has the fox taken it?"

"Ah, if it only were the fox!"

"Are you crazy?" said his mother; "what has become of the goat?"

"Oh-h-h—I happened to—to—to sell it for a cake!"

As soon as he had uttered the word, he understood what it was to sell the goat for a cake; he had not thought of it before. His mother said,

"What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you, when you could sell him for a cake?"

And the boy thought about it, and felt sure that he could never again be happy in this world, and not even in Heaven, he thought afterwards. He felt so sorry that he promised himself never again to do anything wrong, never to cut the thread on the spinning-wheel, nor let the goats out, nor go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay, and dreamed about the goat, that it had gone to Heaven; and the goat stood eating the leaves off a shining tree; but Oeyvind sat alone on the roof, and could not come up.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear, and he started up. "Bay-ay-ay!" it said; and it was the goat, who had come back again.

"What! Have you got back?" He jumped up, took it by the two fore legs, and danced with it as if it were a brother; he pulled its beard, and he was just going in to his mother with it, when he heard some one behind him, and, looking, saw the girl sitting on the greensward by his side. Now he understood it all, and let go the goat.

"Is it you who have come with it?"

She sat tearing the grass up with her hands, and said,

"They would not let me keep it; grandfather is sitting up there, waiting."

While the boy stood looking at her, he heard a sharp voice from the road above call out, "Now!"

Then she remembered what she was to do; she rose, went over to Oeyvind, put one of her hands into his, and, turning her face away, said,

"I beg your pardon!"

But then her courage was all gone; she threw herself over the goat, and wept.

"I think you had better keep the goat," said Oeyvind, looking the other way.

"Come, make haste!" said grandpa, up on the hill; and Marit rose, and walked with reluctant feet upwards.

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"You are not forgetting your garter?" Oeyvind called after her. She turned round, and looked first at the garter and then at him. At last she came to a great resolution, and said, in a choked voice,

"You may keep that."

He went over to her, and, taking her hand, said,

"Thank you!"

"Oh, nothing to thank for!" she answered, but drew a long sigh, and walked on.

He sat down on the grass again. The goat walked about near him, but he was no longer so pleased with it as before.

The goat was fastened to the wall; but Oeyvind walked about, looking up at the cliff. His mother came out and sat down by his side; he wanted to hear stories about what was far away, for now the goat no longer satisfied him. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky; but then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one; and the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children

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to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Oeyvind looked at the mountains, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them before. The cat came out at that moment, and lay down on the stone before the door in the sunshine.

"What does the cat say?" asked Oeyvind, pointing. His mother sang,

" 'At evening softly shines the sun,
The cat lies lazy on the stone.
Two small mice,
Cream thick and nice,
Four bits of fish,
I stole behind a dish,
And am so lazy and tired,
Because so well I have fared,'

says the cat."

But then came the cock, with all the hens. "What does the cock say?" asked Oeyvind, clapping his hands together. His mother sang,

" 'The mother-hen her wings doth sink,
The cock stands on one leg to think:
That gray goose
Steers high her course;
But sure am I that never she

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As clever as a cock can be,
Run in, you hens, keep under the roof to-day,
For the sun has got leave to stay away.'

says the cock."

But the little birds were sitting on the ridge-pole, singing. "What do the birds say?" asked Oeyvind, laughing.

" 'Dear Lord, how pleasant is life,
For those who have neither toil nor strife,'

say the birds."

And she told him what they all said, down to the ant who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

That same summer, his mother began to teach him to read. He had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk. Now the letters turned into animals, birds, and everything else; but soon they began to walk together, two and two; A stood and rested under a tree, which was called B; then came E, and did the same; but when three or four came together, it seemed as if they were angry with each other, for it would not go right. And the farther along he came, the more he forgot what they were; he remembered longest A, which he liked best; it was a little black

lamb, and was friends with everybody; but soon he forgot A also; the book had no more stories, nothing but lessons.

One day his mother came in and said to him,

"To-morrow school begins, and then you are going up to the farm with me."

Oeyvind had heard that school was a place where many boys played together; and he had no objection. Indeed, he was much pleased. He had often been at the farm, but never when there was school there; and now he was so anxious to get there, he walked faster than his mother up over the hills. As they came up to the neighboring house, a tremendous buzzing, like that from the water-mill at home, met their ears; and he asked his mother what it was.

"That is the children reading," she answered; and he was much pleased, for that was the way he used to read before he knew the letters. When he came in, there sat as many children round a table as he had ever seen at church; others were sitting beside their luncheon-boxes, which were ranged round the walls; some stood in small groups round a large printed card; the schoolmaster, an old gray-haired man, was sitting on a stool by the chimney-corner. They all looked up as Oeyvind and his mother entered,

and the mill hum ceased as if the water had suddenly been turned off. All looked at the newcomers; the mother bowed to the schoolmaster, who returned her greeting.

"Here I bring a little boy who wants to learn to read," said his mother.

"What is the fellow's name?" said the schoolmaster.

"Oeyvind," said his mother; "he knows his letters, and can put them together."

"Is it possible!" said the schoolmaster; "come here!"

Oeyvind went over to him: the schoolmaster took him on his lap, and raised his cap.

"What a nice little boy!" said he, and stroked his hair. Oeyvind looked up into his eyes, and laughed.

"Is it at me you are laughing?" asked he, with a frown.

"Yes, it is," said Oeyvind, and roared with laughter. At that the schoolmaster laughed, Oeyvind's mother laughed; the children understood that they also were allowed to laugh, and so they all laughed together.

So Oeyvind became one of the scholars.

As he was going to find his seat, they all wanted to make room for him. He looked

round a long time, while they whispered and pointed; he turned round on all sides, with his cap in his hand and his book under his arm.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked the schoolmaster. Just as the boy was going to turn round to the schoolmaster, he saw close beside him, sitting down by the hearth-stone on a little red painted tub, Marit, of the many names; she had covered her face with both hands, and sat peeping at him through her fingers.

"I shall sit here," said Oeyvind, quickly, taking a tub and seating himself at her side. Then she raised a little the arm nearest him, and looked at him from under her elbow; immediately he also hid his face with both hands, and looked at her from under his elbow. So they sat, keeping up the sport, until she laughed; then he laughed too; the children had seen it, and laughed with them; at that, there rung out in a fearfully strong voice, which, however, grew milder at every pause,

"Silence!"

That was the schoolmaster, whose custom it was to boil up, but calm down again before he had finished. It grew quiet immediately in the school, until the water-wheels again began to go; every one read aloud from his book; here and

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there one shouted in above the others, and Oeyvind had never had such fun in all his life.

"Is it always like this here?" whispered he to Marit.

"Yes, just like this," she said.

Afterwards, they had to go up to the schoolmaster, and read; and then a little boy was called to read, so that they were allowed to go and sit down quietly again.

"I have got a goat now, too," said she.

"Have you?"

"Yes; but it is not so pretty as yours."

"Why don't you come oftener up on the cliff?"

"Grandpa is afraid I shall fall over."

"But it is not so very high."

"Grandpa won't let me, for all that."

"Mother knows so many songs," said he.

"Grandpa does, too, you can believe."

"Yes; but he does not know what mother does."

"Grandpa knows one about a dance. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, then, you must come farther over here, so that the schoolmaster may not hear."

He changed his place, and then she recited a little piece of a song three or four times over,

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so that the boy learned it, and that was the first he learned at school.

"Up with you, youngsters!" called out the schoolmaster. "This is the first day, so you shall be dismissed early; but first we must say a prayer, and sing."

Instantly all was life in the school, they jumped down from the benches, sprung over the floor, and talked into each other's mouths.

"Silence! be quiet, and walk softly across the floor, little children," said the schoolmaster; and now they walked quietly, and took their places; after which the schoolmaster went in front of them, and made a short prayer. Then they sang. The schoolmaster began; all the children stood with folded hands, and joined in. Oeyvind stood farthest down by the door with Marit, and looked on; they also folded their hands, but they could not sing.

That was the first day at school.

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GRANDFATHER

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a jour-

ney. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it and very short when he got half way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What are you doing here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me."

So he played with the child the whole day long and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing birds and saw so many butterflies that everything was beautiful.

This was in fine weather. When it rained they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind and to fancy what it said as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered! Whistling and howling it came, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the houses and making the sea roar in fury.

But when it snowed, that was best of all, for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the

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white flakes falling fast and thick like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world and the most astonishing picture books, all about scimitars and slippers and turbans and dwarfs and giants and geni and fairies and bean stalks and riches and caverns and forests; and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon his road, and journeyed for a little while without meeting anything until at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy, "What do you here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with the boy, about Jupiter and Juno and I don't know what else, and learned more than I could tell, or he either. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot and active on horseback, at cricket and all games of ball, at prisoner's base, hare and hounds, follow my leader

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and more sports than I can think of and nobody could beat them.

They had holidays, too, and cakes and parties and real theaters where they saw palaces of gold and silver rise out of the real earth and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them that I want the time to reckon them. They were all young, like the boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

But one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he had lost the child and after calling to him in vain went on upon his journey. He went on for a little while without seeing anything until he came to a man. So he said to the man, "What are you doing here?" And the man replied, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me." So the traveler began to be very busy with the man and they went on through the wood together.

The traveler's whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first like a wood in spring, and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer. Some of the little trees that had come out first were even turning brown. The man was not alone but had a sweet faced woman with him and there were little children with them too.

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They all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves and working hard. Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me." And presently they would see a very tiny child, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded around it and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once and then they all stood still. One of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven rose into the golden air and after that they did not see him any more.

Whenever those partings happened, the traveler looked at the man and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees where the day was beginning to decline and the sunset come on. He

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saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But they never could rest long for they had their journey to perform and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last there had been so many partings that there were no children left and only the traveler, the man and the woman, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown, and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall. And they went on and on together until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Then, all at once, while he broke his way through the branches, the traveler lost his friends. He called and called, but there was no reply and when he passed out of the wood and saw the sun going down behind a wide, purple cloud, he came upon an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So he said to the old man, "What are you doing here?" And the old man said, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me."

So the traveler sat down beside the old man, their faces turned toward the sunset; and as he waited all his friends came softly back and stood

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around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the father, mother and children, every one of them was there and he had lost nothing. So he loved them all and was kind and forbearing with them all and was always pleased to watch them all and they all honored and loved him.

And I think the traveler must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us and what we do to you.

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THE QUEER LITTLE BAKER MAN

ALL the children were glad when the Little Baker came to town and hung the sign above his queer little brown shop,

‘THANKSGIVING LOAVES TO SELL.’

Each child ran to tell the news to another child, until soon the streets echoed with the sound of many running feet, and the clear November air was full of the sound of happy laughter, as a crowd of little children thronged as near as they dared to the Little Baker’s shop, while the boldest crept so close that they could feel the heat from the big brick oven, and see the gleaming rows of baker’s pans.

The Little Baker said never a word. He washed his hands at the windmill water spout and dried them, waving them in the crisp air. Then he unfolded a long spotless table, and setting it up before his shop door, he began to mold the loaves, while the wondering children drew nearer and nearer to watch him.

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He molded big long loaves, and tiny round loaves; wee loaves filled with currants, square loaves with queer markings on them; fat loaves and flat loaves and loaves in shapes such as the children had never seen before, and always as he molded, he sang a soft tune to these words:

“Buy my loaves of brown and white
Molded for the child’s delight.
Who forgets another’s need
Eats unthankful and in greed;
But the child who breaks his bread
With another, Love has fed.”

By and by the children began to whisper to each other.

“I shall buy that very biggest loaf,” said the Biggest Boy. “Mother lets me buy what I wish. I shall eat it alone, which is fair if I pay for it.”

“Oh,” said the Tiniest Little Girl, “that would be greedy. You could never eat so big a loaf alone.”

“If I pay for it, it is mine,” said the Biggest Boy, boastfully, “and one need not share what is his own, unless he wishes.”

“Oh,” said the Tiniest Little Girl, but she said it more softly this time, and she drew away from the Biggest Boy and looked at him with eyes that had grown big and round.

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"I have a penny," she said to the Little Lane Boy, "and you and I can have one of those wee loaves together. They have currants in them, so we shall not mind if the loaf is small."

"No, indeed," said the Little Lane Boy, whose face had grown wistful when the Biggest Boy talked of the great loaf. "No, indeed, but you shall take the bigger piece."

Then the Little Baker raked out the bright coals from the great oven into an iron basket and he put in the loaves, every one, while the children crowded closer, with eager faces.

When the last loaf was in, he shut the oven door with a clang so loud and merry that the children broke into a shout of laughter.

Then the Queer Little Baker came and stood in his tent door, and he was smiling; and he sang again a merry little tune to these words:

"Clang! clang! my oven floor
My loaves will bake as oft before,
And you may play where shines the sun
Until each loaf is brown and done."

Then away ran the children, laughing and looking back at the door of the shop where the Queer Little Baker stood and where he raked out coals, bursting at times, cast long red lights

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against the brown walls; and as they ran they sang together the Queer Little Baker's merry song:

"Clang! clang! my oven floor
The loaves will bake as oft before."

Then some played at hide and seek among the sheaves of ungarnered corn, and some ran gleefully through the heaped up leaves of russet and gold for joy to hear them rustling. But some, eager, returned home for pennies to buy a loaf when the Queer Little Baker should call.

So the hour passed, till, above the sound of the rustling corn, and the sounds of all other voices the children heard the Little Baker's call:

"The loaves are ready, white and brown,
For every little child in town,
Come buy Thanksgiving loaves and eat,
But only Love can make them sweet."

Soon all the air was filled with the sound of swift-running feet, as the children flew like a cloud of leaves blown by the wind in answer to the Queer Little Baker's call. When they came to his shop they paused, laughing and whispering, as the Little Baker laid out the loaves on the spotless table.

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"This is mine," said the Biggest Boy, and laying down a silver coin he snatched the great loaf and ran away to break it by himself.

Then came the Impatient Boy, crying:

"Give me my loaf. This is mine, and give it to me at once. Do you not see my coin is silver? Do not keep me waiting."

The Little Baker said never a word. He did not smile, he did not frown, he did not hurry. He gave the Impatient Boy his loaf and watched him, as he, too, hurried away to eat his loaf alone.

Then came others crowding and pushing with their money, the strongest and rudest gaining first place; and snatching each a loaf, they ran off to eat without a word of thanks, while some very little children looked on wistfully, not able even to gain a place. All this time the Queer Little Baker kept steadily on, laying out the beautiful loaves on the spotless table.

A Gentle Lad came, when the crowd grew less and, giving all the pennies he had, he bought loaves for all the little ones; so that by and by no one was without a loaf. The Tiniest Little Girl went away hand in hand with the Little Lame Boy to share his wee loaf, and both were smiling; and whoever broke one of those small-

est loaves found it larger than it had seemed at first.

But now the Biggest Boy was beginning to frown.

"This loaf is sour," he said angrily.

"But is it not your own loaf," said the Baker, "and did you not choose it yourself, and choose to eat it alone? Do not complain of the loaf, since it is your own choosing."

Then those who had snatched the loaves ungratefully and hurried away, without waiting for a word of thanks, came back.

"We came for good bread," they cried, "but those loaves are sodden and heavy."

"See the lad there with all those children. His bread is light. Give us, too, light bread and sweet."

But the Baker smiled a strange smile.

"You chose in haste," he said, "as those choose who have no thought in sharing. I cannot change your loaves. I cannot choose for you. Had you, buying, forgotten that mine are Thanksgiving loaves? I shall come again; then you can buy more wisely."

Then these children went away thoughtful.

But the very little children and the Gentle Lad sat eating their bread with joyous laughter,

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and each tiny loaf was broken into many pieces as they shared with each other, and to them the bread was as fine as cake and as sweet as honey.

Then the Queer Little Baker brought cold water and put out the fire. He folded his spotless table and took down the boards of his little brown shop, and packed all into his wagon and drove away, singing a quaint tune. Soft winds rustled the corn and swept the boughs together with a musical chuckling. And where the brown leaves were piled thickest, making a little mound, sat the Tiniest Little Girl and the Little Lame Boy eating their sweet currant loaf happily together.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Once upon a time there lived a very rich man who was a King besides. His name was Midas and he had a little daughter whose name was odd indeed, Marygold.

King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was little Marygold, but the more Midas loved her the more did he want more wealth. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold tinted clouds of sun-

set, he wished that they were real gold and could be squeezed into his strong box. He had planted a garden in which grew the biggest and most beautiful roses that any mortal ever saw or smelled. But whenever King Midas looked at them at all it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth if each of the innumerable rose petals were a thin plate of gold.

He made it his custom to pass a large portion of every day in the basement of his palace where he kept his wealth. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl or a peck measure of gold dust and bring them out from the corners into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then he would reckon his riches and whisper to himself, "Oh, Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure room one day, as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold. Looking up, he suddenly beheld the figure of a stranger standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam. It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face.

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Midas could not help but think that the smile which the stranger turned upon him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Even the farthest corners of the room had their share in it and were lighted when the stranger smiled as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

The stranger gazed about the room and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, King Midas," he observed.

"I have done pretty well," answered King Midas in a discontented tone, "but after all my wealth is only a trifle."

"What?" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

King Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger.

King Midas thought a moment. At last a bright idea came to him; it seemed really as bright as the glistening metal that he loved so much. Raising his head, he looked the stranger in the face.

"I am tired of collecting my treasure with so much effort," he said. "I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold."

"Be it as you wish, then," said the stranger, turning to go. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright and King Midas was forced to close his eyes. When he opened them, he saw only one yellow sunbeam in the room shining on the precious gold that he had spent all his life hoarding.

King Midas slept as usual that night, but when day had hardly peeped over the hills, he was broad awake and stretching his arms out of bed to see if the Golden Touch had really come to him. The earliest sunbeam shone through the window. Midas started up and ran about the room, grasping everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bed posts and it immediately became a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window curtain and the tassel grew heavy in his hand, a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table and ran his fingers through the leaves; behold it was a bundle of thin golden sheets. He put on his clothes and was happy to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold. He drew from the pocket his handkerchief which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was also gold, with

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the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border in gold thread.

Somehow or other this last magic did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put the handkerchief into his hand.

King Midas usually took an early morning walk and to-day he was at great pains to go from bush to bush, until every rose and bud were changed to gold. By the time he had finished, the morning air had given him an excellent appetite and he made haste back to the palace for breakfast.

Hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs and coffee for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for little Marygold there were. But she had not yet made her appearance and presently King Midas heard her coming across the passageway and crying bitterly. Now Marygold was a most cheerful little person and shed hardly a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. Then Marygold slowly and disconsolately opened the door and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break. She held in her hand one of the gold roses.

"How now, my little daughter?" cried King Midas. "What is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father," Marygold answered between her sobs. "As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you but a misfortune has come to them. All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweetly are blighted and spoiled."

"My dear little girl—pray don't cry about it," said King Midas, now greatly ashamed of himself. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk and forget your sorrow."

Then Midas poured out for himself a cup of coffee and the cup was gold when he set it down. He lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips but it became the next moment molten gold, hardened into a lump. He took one of the nice little trouts upon his plate and touched its tail with his finger. It was immediately a gold fish, its little bones were now gold wire, its fin and tail were thin plates of gold. He took one of the smoking hot cakes and had scarcely broken it when it became as yellow as Indian meal of a metallic hardness. He helped himself to a boiled egg and it became solid gold. King Midas next snatched a hot potato and attempted

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to cram it into his mouth but the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. His mouth was full, not of mealy potato, but of solid gold that so burned his tongue that he jumped up from the table and began to stamp about the room in pain and fright.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, the tears still standing in her eyes. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair and running to King Midas threw her arms about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had earned by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" he said. But suddenly a terrible thing happened.

Her sweet, rosy face, so full of love as it had been, turned a glittering yellow color. Her beautiful brown curls took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard in her father's arms. It was the prettiest and most woeiful sight that ever mortal saw. There was the precious little figure with even the beloved little dimple in the golden chin, with a yellow tear-drop on the golden flesh and a look so piteous and tender that it seemed as if it must needs soften the metal flesh again.

Marygold was a human child no longer but a golden statue.

King Midas could only wring his hands and wish that he were the poorest man in the kingdom if his poverty might bring back the life to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair he suddenly beheld the stranger standing near the door.

"Well, Midas?" he said. "How are you enjoying the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very unhappy," he said. "Gold is not everything and I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger. "Go and plunge in the river that glides past your garden. Take also a vase of the same water and sprinkle it over any object of gold that you may desire to change back to its former substance."

King Midas bowed low, and when he had lifted his head the stranger had vanished.

King Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher and hastening to the river side. On reaching the brink he plunged in without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

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He was at once conscious of a change in himself. A cold, hard and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his heart. As he dipped the pitcher into the water it turned from gold, which it had become at his first touch, to the same, honest earthen vessel it had been before. Seeing a violet that grew on the river bank, King Midas touched it and was overjoyed to find that it still retained its purple hue. The curse of the Golden Touch had been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace and the first thing that he did was to sprinkle the water from his pitcher by handful over the golden figure of little Marygold. No sooner did it fall on her than the color came back to the dear child's cheek. How she sputtered and sneezed and how astonished she was to find her father still throwing more water over her!

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue and her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how foolish he had been but contented himself with showing her how much wiser he had grown. He led little Marygold into the garden where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose bushes with such good effect that above

five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

And King Midas suddenly saw with new eyes that the most common things such as lie within everybody's grasp are more valuable than riches.

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THE BELL OF ATRI

The King had hung the bell there, in the market place of the old town or Atri. It hung very high and it was a large, deep toned bell whose ringing could be heard very plainly in the market place and through all the town and even as far as the countryside. Whoever came to market; the hucksters with their carts bright with fruit and vegetables, the women and children with their baskets to hold the good things that they bought, the knights riding their fine horses and wearing shining armor—all looked up at the bell because it hung there for a very strange reason.

A long rope hung down from the bell, so low that the smallest child of Atri could reach it, and without standing on his tip toes either. That was what the King wished, that even a

child should be able to pull the bell rope if necessary. What was the bell of Atri for; to ring if there were a fire, or to call the townspeople to a merrymaking, or to announce the coming of the King, or to warn the people of robbers coming down from the hills?

No indeed. The bell of Atri was to ring for a very different purpose than any of these. The day that it had been hung there one of the King's messengers had galloped through the town telling in every street and in every lane and at every doorstep the message of the bell.

"Ring the bell of Atri if any one has done a wrong," he called. "Ring the bell to tell of injustice."

That had been many years ago that the King's message had been flashed through the town; in all that time the bell had not rung. No one in the town of Atri had done a wrong to any one else. The farmers had tended their vineyards and orchards and fields well, paying fair wages to their laborers and taking only the best of their apples and grapes and wheat to market. The shepherds had tended their flocks in sun and storm and cut their fleeces only at the warm season and sold them at a fair price. Each neighbor had shared his hearth and his board with a

stranger who knocked at his door and the children had learned their lessons well and been industrious and happy and kind to their mates.

"Of what use is the bell of Atri?" the townspeople questioned among themselves and, indeed, it seemed to be of no use.

The bell grew rusty and a vine, growing in the market place, reached up and clutched the bell rope with its little green tendrils. Then it pulled itself up, higher and higher, and twisted about the rope until it was a mass of green leaves as high as one could see. No one cut the vine. Every one thought only of how beautiful it was. It could grow and twine about the bell rope forever; the bell of Atri would never ring, they knew.

On the high road that ran to the palace of the King lived a knight who was known by all the country round for his great wealth. His castle towers lifted their great gray turrets higher than those of any other castle in Atri. His gardens bloomed with lovelier flowers, his vineyards hung more heavily with grapes, his fields were wider and more fertile than any other knight's. His table service was of gold; he owned a hundred horses and it seemed as if there could be nothing in the world that he could want.

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The Knight had one great wish, though. It was a wish that kept him from sleeping at night and from enjoying all the beauty of his castle in the day time. The Knight wanted more gold. He could see only gold in the sunlight that streamed in his windows in the morning and in the yellow roses that bloomed in his garden and in the sunset sky that shone behind his castle turrets.

"I want gold, more gold," he said to himself. "I will have more gold than any one else in Atri."

So the Knight proceeded to go to work to try and get more gold. He sold his orchards, his vineyards and his fields until all their fertile acres were turned into golden coins that he hid in his treasure chests and he owned only as much land as lay about his castle walls. Then he sold his flocks and his herds and his falcons and his dogs, one by one, until he had none left. Last, he sold his horses; two, ten, twenty-five, fifty, ninety-nine he sold and then there was only one horse left, the oldest horse of all, who had carried the Knight safely through all his battles and upon his many adventures.

The Knight went out to the castle stables, once so full of his prancing steeds and now so empty.

He looked at the old horse, so glad to see his master for whom he had a great love that he whinnied and rubbed his head against the Knight's sleeve. But the Knight turned away; his heart had grown as hard as the gold that he had gathered and he could not feel the love of his friend, the horse. He only saw that the horse was a little lame and too heavy to ride and too old to sell. His usefulness was over and the Knight forgot the days when the animal had saved his life and won his honor.

"Go!" he cried, opening the stall and driving the horse out of the stable with a whip and kicking him to make him go faster. "Go, I say; I will care for you no longer. I wish nothing near me that has not a value in gold."

The snow had not yet gone and the winds were cold. From road to road the Knight's old horse wandered, through storms and gales, with no shelter for his head and only such food as a farmer now and then offered him in pity. No one wanted him for he was too old to work in the fields and each day he grew more lean and weaker until it seemed as if he could not live until the spring. The sky was the only roof he knew and the memory of his master's blows and kicks bowed his head that he had used to hold

so proudly high. Sometimes he found shelter in the forest but when the snow melted and the fields were once more green with the spring, the horse took to the roadside again. He could be seen, like a great thin ghost of an animal, coming toward the market place.

Nearly the whole town of Atri was there, glad and gay because of the returning of the flowers and the green leaves. There were carts of flowers in pots and new green herbs for sale. Every one was dressed as gayly as were the flowers themselves and all were so busy buying and laughing and talking that they did not see the old horse limping into the market place.

Suddenly the bell began to ring.

Ding, dong; ding, dong.

In a second the market place was as quiet as the church is on Sunday and there was no sound save the steady pealing of the bell. In all those many years the bell of Atri had never rung before. Why was it ringing now? Who had done the wrong?

Ding, dong; ding, dong.

Still the bell of Atri rang, and some people in their terror fell upon the ground and others covered their faces and the knights from the whole country side gathered and, following them, came the King.

"A wrong has been done. A wrong has been done. Who has done this injustice?" cried the King, but no one could tell him for no hand was ringing the bell. Yet still it rang.

Ding, dong; ding, dong. "A wrong has been done," is what the bell of Atri was pealing.

At last they saw who was ringing the bell. The old horse, half dead with hunger, was gnawing at the new green leaves of the vines that twined the bell rope. As he touched the rope the bell rang and his master, the Knight, who had come at the call of the bell with the others saw him and his grief and remorse knew no measure. The King was told what the wrong had been, but he did not punish the Knight. Instead he, himself, led the horse to his master knowing that to have all Atri hear of the Knight's cruelty was punishment enough.

The Knight took his old friend, the horse, home with him and with his own hands fed him and made him comfortable for all the rest of his life. It is said that the Knight lost his greedy love for gold, also, and gave away a great deal of his treasure. However that may be, it is known that from that day to this the bell of Atri has never been rung again.

THE STORY OF MERRYMIND

His parents called him Merrymind which the neighbors thought a strange name and very much above their station. The other twelve of the children were named Hardhead, Stiffneck and the like, and the father and mother had hard work to keep them in bread. But something in the looks of this youngest child made them think the name proper so they gave it to him.

It was when Merrymind was old enough to look after his father's sheep that the fair came. It was held on a green plain, lying between a broad river and a high hill, where it was said that the fairies used to dance in old and merry times. Each of the children had a silver penny from their father's leather bag of savings and they dressed in their holiday clothes and set out.

There were stalls of gingerbread and puppet shows and rope dancers at the fair. Before evening twelve of Merrymind's brothers and sisters had got fairly rid of their money, one buying a pair of brass buckles, another a crimson ribbon and so on. But Merrymind still had his silver penny for he wanted a fiddle and there was none to be had for so little.

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The sun was getting low and the fair was growing thin when Merrymind came upon a little gray-haired man in a mossy hollow of the hillside.

"Buy a fiddle?" he said to Merrymind. "Here is one but it has no strings. I ask but a silver penny for it; but if the strings were mended its like would not be in the north country."

Merrymind thought he could mend the strings while watching his father's sheep, so down went the silver penny and up went the fiddle under Merrymind's arm, but as he turned to go home the little gray-haired man called after him,

"About that fiddle; the strings can never be mended nor made new except by threads from the night spinners," which seemed true for Merrymind never found any one who could string it and every one said that he had spent his penny ill.

And because Merrymind would not part with his fiddle he lost honor at home and abroad. His brothers and sisters valued him no more than a herd boy and his father said he had no wits. Only his mother loved him. So he decided to start one summer to seek his fortune with only a barley cake and his mother's blessing and the broken fiddle under his arm.

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He went along through brambles and briars for there were no highways then in the north country. He was weary with his journey when he came upon a great old man. His clothes were made of sack cloth and he carried a heavy burden of dust heaped high in a great pannier. He spoke to Merrymind,

"You lazy vagabond!" he said, "if you choose this way you must help me carry my dust."

It was a heavy burden for Merrymind and a thousand times he wished himself out of the old man's company for he scolded all the rough way.

At length, in the hope of cheering him, Merrymind began to sing an old rhyme that his mother had taught him. Now, by a glimmer of moonlight, Merrymind saw a deserted cottage set in a dark valley. Here the old man paused and loosed the bag from Merrymind's shoulders.

"For seven times seven years," the old man said, "I have carried this bag of dust and no one ever sang before while helping me. You may sleep here," he added, pointing to the cottage. And Merrymind, who was sore and weary, laid himself down on the cold hearth with his fiddle close by and went fast asleep.

All through his sleep there came to Merry-

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mind the sweet sound of singing voices and spinning wheels, but when he awoke he thought that he must have been dreaming. It was a strange valley where he was. The people were all busy in houses, in fields and at forges. They hammered and delved and scrubbed and scoured. Even the children worked but no one laughed or sang. The women scrubbed in silk, the men delved in scarlet. Crimson curtains and marble floors and silver dishes were to be seen everywhere, but all the talk was cheerless and always about work or gain.

In the midst of the valley was a stately castle, but they were churning in the banquet hall and making cheese on the dais. In the highest tower sat a noble lady and her maidens but her dress was dingy and her hair was gray and her look was sad. She and her maidens spun continuously but the yarn that they made was jet black and none of them would speak to Merry-mind.

All day Merry-mind wandered about with his broken stringed fiddle, and all day he saw the great old man marching round and round the valley with his heavy burden of dust.

"It is the dreariest valley that ever I beheld," Merry-mind said to himself. He found gates at

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both ends, one guarded by a soldier and one by the old man with his bag of dust. At night Merrymind slept in the deserted cottage again.

"What is the story of this valley?" he asked of the soldier in the morning.

"Strange enough," said the soldier. "It used to be the fairest spot in the north country where the summers lingered longest and the people wore homespun but had May games and Christmas cheer. Shepherds piped on the hillside and reapers sang in the sun and laughter came with the red firelight out of every house in the evening. Two fair maidens clothed in white, with silver wheels on their shoulders, came by night and spun golden threads by the hearth of every cottage.

"Then, however, it was that the mist came down over the valley and there were hard times and the night-spinners were seen no more in any man's dwelling."

"If my fiddle were mended, I'll warrant it would be better," said Merrymind and he talked with the soldier until the moon rose. Then he went home to sleep in the deserted cottage.

It was late when he came near it and the moonlight looked lovely beside the misty day. The door was still open and the moon was shin-

ing in; but beside the fireless hearth sat two fair maidens, all in white, spinning on silver wheels, and singing together a blithe and pleasant tune like the larks on May-morning. Merrymind could have listened all night but he suddenly thought that these must be the night spinners whose threads would mend his fiddle.

"Kind ladies," he asked. "I pray you give me a thread to mend my fiddle strings."

"For seven times seven years," said the maidens, "have we spun by night in this deserted cottage and no mortal has seen us or spoken to us. Go and gather sticks through all the valley to make us a fire on this cold hearth and we will each give you a thread for your pains."

So Merrymind gathered fagots, but when he returned the fair maidens were gone, although on the floor lay two long threads of gold. Merrymind heaped the hearth against their coming again and then took up the golden threads. No sooner were his fiddle strings fastened with those golden threads than they became firm. The old fiddle, too, began to shine and glisten and at length it was golden also. Merrymind tried to play. Scarcely had his bow touched the strings when they began to play of themselves the same blithe and pleasant tune which the night spinners had sung together.

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When morning came Merrymind's music filled the valley and wonders came to pass. The men paused in their delving, the women stopped their scrubbing, the little children dropped their work and every one smiled and sang as Merrymind and his fiddle passed on. The old man put down his dust, never to carry it again. When Merrymind came to the castle the churning and the cheese making stopped in the banqueting hall and the distaffs in the tower stood still. The sourness passed from the noble lady's face and the grayness from her hair and she grew young again. They brought her a dress of white and cherry color that she used to wear, and she was no longer a dreary lady but a lady of little care with golden hair and laughing eyes and cheeks like summer roses.

Then a sound of merriment came up from the valley. The mist rolled away, the sun shone, the blue sky was seen. A clear spring gushed up in the castle court and that night the night spinners were seen by every hearth but no more in the deserted cottage.

Everybody praised Merrymind and his wonderful playing, and they made him the first fiddler in the valley with a chance of being its king when he was old enough. And as soon as

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Merrymind's family heard of his fortune they thought that music must be a good thing and they all took to fiddling.

It is said, though, that none of them ever learned to play a single tune but Merrymind's mother, who had loved him and given him her blessing.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

Once, a very, very long time ago, there were two brothers and one of them was rich and the other one was poor.

And it came to be the blessed Christmas time when all should be full and happy, but the poor brother had not a bite for him or his children to eat in his house. So he went to his brother who was rich and asked him to be so good as to give him enough to keep the wolf from his door on Christmas Day.

It was not the first time that the poor brother had been obliged to come begging at the door of the rich brother and the one who was rich was by no means glad to see him even if it was the blessed Christmas time. He picked out the leanest, smallest ham from his larder that was full of fat hams and other good things to eat

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and he tossed it scornfully at the poor brother saying:

"This is the last that I shall give you and if you take it you must go straight to the Place Below for I never want to see you again."

"A promise is a promise," said the poor brother, and he slung the ham across his shoulder and started off for the Place Below, of which he had never heard before and to which he did not know the way. He went on and on and on until the way grew very crooked and narrow, and by and by he came to an old man sitting beside a bright doorway and chopping Yule logs.

"Where are you bound for this cold night?" asked the old man of the poor brother.

"I am bound for the Place Below," replied the poor brother. "Can you tell me how to reach it?"

"Oh, yes. I can tell you that," said the old man, pointing to the bright doorway from which there streamed the light as of a great fire, "but you will probably have to leave that ham behind if you ever want to leave the Place for they don't have meat very often there." Then he thought a moment. "You might be able to sell it for the hand mill that stands behind the door. It is of no value to them for they don't know how

to use it, but I'll show you what to do with it. You will find it a very useful little mill."

So the poor brother rapped at the door of the Place and when he got inside everything happened as the old man had said it would. The poor folk who stayed in the Place Below were about him like ants and they were quite willing to give him the little hand mill that stood behind the door in exchange for the ham. And when he got outside again, the old man showed him strange things to do with the mill and what was most important of all how to stop it when he was through grinding.

It was twelve by the clock on Christmas Eve when the poor brother reached home with his mill.

"Where have you been so long and why have you brought us no food?" his wife asked, and in reply the poor brother set the handmill down on the table and bent over it and whispered something, and then began grinding.

Oh, how wonderful! The mill ground out a fine white table cloth and a roasted turkey and a pudding with plums and candy and toys and Christmas cakes for all the children. Then he whispered something else to the mill and it stopped grinding. There was great excitement

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over this and when the poor brother, who had a very kind heart, invited his rich brother to come and share the dinner on Christmas day and brought out the mill and ordered it to grind fine Christmas gifts for him, the rich brother cried,

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh, from behind the door," explained the poor brother, who had a mind not to tell all that he knew about the mill.

"Will it grind anything that you ask of it?" begged the rich brother.

"That it will," said the poor brother, "if I say this to it," and he leaned over and whispered the secret word to his brother that would start the treasure flowing from the mill. But that was all that the poor brother told the rich brother about the mill.

When the rich brother had learned so much as this of the secret he was of a mind to have the mill for his own and he asked his brother to give it to him. He was to pay three hundred dollars for it and the poor brother need not deliver it until the haying season was over.

That gave the poor brother plenty of time to make himself comfortable in a simple way for he was by no means an extravagant man. He had the mill grind him such needful things as

plenty of shoes for all the children and money to pay for their schooling and to buy a new house and grain and coal and wood for the winter, a new team of horses and a pair of oxen. He had all that he felt was needful when the hay harvest was over and then he took the magic mill under his arm and over to his brother's for he knew that a promise is a promise and that it was no longer his mill but his brother's.

The rich brother took it greedily without so much as thanking the other for selling it to him so cheaply and delivering it so promptly. He sent his wife out to the field to help the mowers spread their hay for he wanted no one to see him grind the magic mill and, above all, he was selfish and wanted to grind for himself alone first.

When the house was quiet and every one was gone and the doors and windows were tightly closed, the rich brother sat down in front of his mill and thought and thought what he should have it grind for him. He had little that he needed for his riches bought him everything that he wanted. He looked this way and that, out of the window and over his broad fields and around his house that was so full of gold and silver and linen. Then he thought that he felt

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a little hungry for dried herrings and white porridge, so he whispered the magic word that would start the mill grinding, and out began to pour the herrings and hot white porridge.

He had a silver plate ready for the herrings and a gold bowl waiting for the porridge. Round and round turned the mill and out came nice fat herrings and more and more porridge. The rich brother rubbed his hands together in delight; now, he thought, every wish that had ever been his could be gratified. He watched the herrings drop, one after another, upon the plate and the porridge pile up in the bowl.

But, ah, what was happening? The herrings were now so great a pile that they flopped over on the table and the porridge overflowed the bowl.

"Stop!" cried the rich brother. "Stop grinding, mill, I say!"

But do you suppose that the mill was going to cease grinding at so simple a word as, *stop*? No, indeed; it would only cease at the whispering of a magic word, and this word the poor brother had taken pains not to tell his rich brother.

So the wonderful mill went right on grinding herrings and milk porridge and then more

herrings and more milk porridge until all the dishes and tubs which the rich man could gather were filled and overflowed, and the food ran out and into the kitchen, and he had to open the doors and windows to let it out. Even at that he was well nigh choked with herrings and drowned in the porridge, and he twisted and turned the mill to try and stop it. But however hard he tried, it went right on grinding and pretty soon all the rooms in the house, even the parlor, were full.

Then the rich man ran out of the door with the mill, the herrings and white porridge streaming after him, and he nearly drowned his wife and the mowers as he went, but on and on he struggled until he came to the house of his poor brother.

"Take it back. Oh, take it back and stop its grinding," he begged, which the poor brother did at once, with the word that only he knew, and the rich brother went home, having learned a lesson from his greed.

After a while the poor brother became rich as a result of his thrift and the help that the magic mill gave him. He built himself a much finer house beside the sea and he covered it with shingles of gold which made it to be seen, shin-

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ing and glittering, far out at sea. People, sailing by, stopped to see the amazing gold farm house and the brother, now so rich, always brought out the magic mill and had it grind a keepsake for each visitor, which sent them away feeling very happy.

It happened in this way that the fame of the mill spread over all the seas and one day, a long time afterward, a skipper drew anchor there and asked if he might see the magic mill.

"Can it grind salt?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, it can grind salt," the owner replied.

Then the skipper made up his mind that he must have the mill, whether or not, and he began asking and begging and pleading for it. At first the brother said that nothing could induce him to part with it, but after the skipper had asked and begged and pleaded without stopping for a day and a night and had offered gold and precious stones in exchange for it, the brother decided that he was rich enough as it was; and the magic mill, with instructions how to start it, went to the skipper.

He put it on ship board as fast as he could and when he had sailed out a safe distance from the shore he took the mill up on deck and commanded it to grind salt, which was scarce in those days and very much sought after.

STORIES CHILDREN NEED

Immediately salt began to spout like a fountain from the mill. The skipper had it in his mind to fill the ship with salt and then he would sell it in foreign ports at a great price. So he filled the ship and that was all he wanted. Now the magic mill need grind no more.

"Stop!" cried the skipper. "Stop grinding, mill, I say!"

But do you suppose that the mill was going to cease its grinding after all these years at so simple a word as, *stop*? No, indeed. It would only cease at the whispering of the magic word and this the owner had taken pains not to tell the skipper.

So the skipper was not able to stop the mill and it went right on grinding salt until it made the ship so top heavy that she sank and it was only by great good fortune that the skipper was able to swim to shore. Down, down went the ship, carrying her cargo of salt and leaving a trail of salt behind her as she sank. The magic mill kept right on grinding salt as none of the fishes or the mer-creatures were able to stop it and unless something very extraordinary has happened, it is grinding still, which accounts for the very great saltiness of the sea.

THE STORY OF ECHO

In the flowery groves of Helicon, there was once a fair nymph who, hand in hand with her sisters, played in the green lawns and beside the mountain streams. Among them all her feet were the lightest and her laugh the merriest and in the telling of stories no one was as clever as she.

Hera, who from her bower presided over the nymphs, was not willing that they should waste all their time in play.

"Go, Echo, to Hera," said they, "and tell her so long a story that she may not come out and find us."

And Echo, laughing gaily, would do as they bid.

When Hera saw Echo, she would smile and stroke her hair.

"What do you want, little sprite?" she would ask.

"I had a longing to talk with you, Hera," Echo would answer, "and I have a story, a wonderful story to tell you. All the stories that you have heard before are as mud which is trampled underfoot by the side of the one I shall tell you now."

STORIES CHILDREN NEED

So Echo would sit on the grass at Hera's feet and tell her story. She had a gift of words and she had heard many strange things that she alone could tell of. Listening, Hera would forget her watchfulness and, entranced, forget the hours. And the nymphs could play to their hearts' content without fear of her anger.

But at last Hera found out the prank that Echo had played on her and her wrath flashed out like lightning.

"The gift of story telling by means of which you have tricked me shall be taken away from you," she said. "From this day you shall not be able to speak unless some one else has spoken and then, even if you would, you may not keep silent but must needs repeat once more the last words that you have heard."

"Alas! Alas!" cried all the nymphs.

"Alas! Alas!" cried Echo after them and she could say no more or even beg Hera to forgive her. So it came to pass that Echo lost her own speech and could only find it when others put their words into her mouth.

Now, it chanced one day that the boy, Narcissus, strayed away from his companions who were out hunting and when he tried to find them he only wandered farther and lost his way upon the lonely heights of Helicon.

SENSE STORIES

Narcissus was as fair as a flower in spring and all who saw him straightway loved him and longed to be near him. But, although his face was as smooth and soft as a maiden's, his heart was as hard as steel and he cared for no one who cared for him. He would spurn his friends and treat them with scorn and go on his way, for Narcissus loved only himself.

When the nymphs saw Narcissus wandering alone through the woods, they, too, loved him for his beauty and they followed him wherever he went. But because he was mortal, they were shy of him and would not show themselves but hid behind the trees and rocks so that he should not see them. Among the others Echo followed Narcissus, too. At last, when he found that he was really lost, he began to shout for his companions.

"Ho, there! Where are you?" he cried.

"Where are you?" answered Echo.

When Narcissus heard the voice he stopped and listened, but he could hear nothing more. Then he called again:

"I am here in the wood—Narcissus."

"In the wood—Narcissus," said she.

"Come hither!" he cried.

"Come hither!" repeated Echo.

STORIES CHILDREN NEED

Wondering at the strange voice, Narcissus looked around but he could see no one.

"Are you close at hand?" he asked.

"Close at hand," Echo answered.

Still wondering, Narcissus went forward, following her voice. Echo, when she found that he was coming toward her, ran farther away, so that when he called next, her voice sounded more distant. But wherever she went, he still followed her and she saw that he would not let her escape.

Now they had come to an open space in the trees where the green lawn sloped down to a clear pool of water in the hollow. Here, by the margin of the water, Echo stood with her back to the nodding reeds and as Narcissus came out from the trees she wrung her hands and the tears fell from her eyes for she wanted to speak to him and tell him how beautiful he seemed to her, but she could not say a word. When he saw her he stopped.

"Are you she who calls me?" he asked.

"Who calls me?" she answered

"I have told you, Narcissus," he said.

"Narcissus," she cried and held out her arms to him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

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"Who are you?" she repeated.

"Have I not told you?" he said impatiently, "Narcissus."

"Narcissus," she said again and still held out her hands.

"Tell me," he cried. "Who are you and why do you call me?"

"Why do you call me?" said she.

At this Narcissus grew angry.

"Whoever you are," he said, "you have led me a pretty chase through these woods and now you do nothing but mock me."

"You do nothing but mock me," said Echo.

At this Narcissus grew still more angry and tired out with his wanderings he threw himself down on the grass by the pool and would not look at her or speak to her again. For a time she stood beside him weeping and longing to explain to him but not a word could she say so she left him at last, and went and hid herself behind a rock close by.

After a while, Narcissus remembered that he was thirsty and he bent over the bank of the pool to drink. As he held out his hand to take the water, he saw looking up at him a face that was the fairest face he had ever looked on. He did not know that it was his own reflection that

he saw, for he had never had a mirror. Suddenly, Narcissus, who had never known what love was, loved the face that he saw in the pool. He held out both arms toward it and the figure in the water also held out both arms. He bent down closer to the water, and whispered:

"How beautiful you are!"

"Beautiful you are," repeated Echo from the rock.

At the words Narcissus bent down further and tried to lift the figure up, but as he did so it vanished and he found that he was clasping only empty air. So he drew back and waited a while, thinking that he had been over hasty. After a while, when the ripples that he had made on the surface of the water had died away, the face appeared again, as clear and fair as before, and looking longingly up at him.

Once again Narcissus bent down and tried to touch it and, once again, it fled from his touch. Many times he tried, but it was always the same and at last he gave up in despair. But the longer he looked, the more did he love his own reflection. At last he could bear it no longer and determined that he must reach it.

So, for the last time, he reached forward and he threw himself from the bank into the pool.

SENSE STORIES

Echo, peeping out from the rock, saw all that had happened and when Narcissus cast himself into the pool, she ran to save him, but she could not. When she found that she had been too late, she dropped down upon the grassy bank of the pool and wept and wept until she grew as thin and slender as a shadow with her weeping and nothing but her voice remained.

So to this day lives Echo. No one has seen her since the day so long ago when she watched Narcissus cast himself into the water for love of his own face that he saw reflected there. But the voice of Echo we can hear, repeating our words when we thought no one was by. Still, Echo has no words of her own with which to tell her longing.

“Narcissus, Narcissus, come back—oh, come back to me!”

By the side of the pool, in the grass that Echo had watered with her tears, there grew a sweet scented flower with a fair white face and a crown of gold. It is the narcissus, the spirit of the lad who, for love of his own sweet face, went down in the waters of Helicon.

STORIES THAT HOLD ATTENTION BECAUSE OF SUSPENSE

THE BEAR WHO LOST HIS SUPPER

ONCE upon a time old Mother Red Cap was out walking in the forest and she came to a wild cherry tree, the branches of which hung low with cherries. She climbed up the tree to pick her apron full of cherries when along came Bruin, the Bear, walking along under the tree. He looked up among the branches and there he saw old Mother Red Cap.

"Come down, Mother," he growled, "that I may eat you."

Old Mother Red Cap did not want to be eaten by Bruin, the Bear, so she thought and thought and then she said:

"You do not want to eat an old woman like me. I will throw you down my shoe and you may gnaw upon that until I can come down to the ground and lead you to my house. I have two little kids there who will make you a savory meal. Have patience, Bruin, until I can climb down."

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This was what old Mother Red Cap said, and she threw down her shoe. Bruin gnawed and gnawed upon the shoe, but he found it very dry eating, so he grew angry. He called up the tree to old Mother Red Cap,

"Come down, Mother, that I may eat you."

"Just wait a little longer, Bruin, until I have gathered a few more cherries," said she, and she threw down her other shoe. "Gnaw on this," she said, "and I will climb down in a few minutes and show you the way to my house."

Bruin gnawed and gnawed upon the second shoe but he found it no tastier than the first. Still he contented himself with the thought of the fatness of the two little kids that he would soon be eating, and he waited beneath the tree until old Mother Red Cap climbed down.

Down she came, with her apron full of cherries; home she went, and Bruin tramped along behind her. When they reached her house, old Mother Red Cap took Bruin, the Bear, out to the barn and showed him the two little kids. He was in a great hurry to get his paws around them, but, "Wait," said Old Mother Red Cap. "First I must give the two little kids a fine supper that they may be fatter. Do you go back to the forest for the night and return in the morn-

ing. Then the two little kids will be fat enough for you to eat."

So Bruin, the Bear, went back to the forest for the night. Old Mother Red Cap gave the two little kids a fine, big supper and then she locked the door of the barn and went to bed. Very early in the morning she went out to the barn and unlocked the door and let out the two fat little kids, who scampered off to pasture and were soon so far away that neither hide nor hoof of them could be seen. Then old Mother Red Cap locked the door of the barn again.

Almost as soon as the sun was up, Bruin, the Bear, tramped back from the forest, growling.

"Open the barn door, Mother, that I may eat the two little kids."

Mother Red Cap stooped down to peep through the key hole of the barn door. Then she shook her head sadly.

"What a pity it is," sighed old Mother Red Cap. "The two little kids are gone. Can it be that my two mischievous little grand children, Janko and Mirko, unlocked the door and let the kids out?"

At that Bruin, the Bear, was very angry. "Then I must eat your two little grand children, Janko and Mirko," he growled.

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This made old Mother Red Cap greatly terrified. She thought and thought and then she said: "But my two little grand children, Janko and Mirko, are very thin indeed. I must give them three fine meals or they will not be fat enough for you to eat. In the meantime, do you run about through the forest to get yourself a better appetite."

So Bruin, the Bear, went away and ran about in the woods all the rest of the day. When it was evening he came back with a fine appetite and rapped at the door of old Mother Red Cap's house.

"Fetch out Janko and Mirko," he growled, "and see what short work I will make of them."

"Oho, I'll not do that," laughed old Mother Red Cap from inside the house. "You are too late, Bruin. Janko has just bolted the door so fast that you will not be able to open it and I have put Mirko to bed, where he is fast asleep. You must go back to the forest and come some other day."

So Bruin, the Bear, saw that old Mother Red Cap had got the best of him and he went back to the forest, hungry, to look for his supper there.

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

There was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning when the dewdrops were still hanging on the pink clover in the meadows, and the birds were singing their morning song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap!

The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tune on the smooth pike road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears were always pricked up; for he was a merry gray pony, and loved to go clippety, clippety, clap!

The man rode to town and to country, to church and to market, up hill and down hill; and one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

“What shall I do? What shall I do,
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?”

Then down he jumped, in a great hurry, and looked at one of the pony's forefeet; but nothing

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was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hindfeet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith;
and when he saw the smith he called out to him:

“Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I’ve come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

But the blacksmith answered and said:

“How can I shoe your pony’s feet,
Without some coal the iron to heat?”

The man was downcast when he heard this;
but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith’s
care, while he hurried here and there to buy the
coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he
got there he said:

“Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I’ve come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony’s feet.”

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But the storekeeper answered and said :

“Now, I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

Then the man went away, sighing and saying :

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

By and by he met a farmer coming to town
with a wagon full of good things; and he said :

“Farmer! Farmer! I’ve come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony’s feet.”

Then the farmer answered the man and said :

“I’ve bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat,
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

So the farmer drove away and left the man
standing in the road, sighing and saying :

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

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In the farmer's wagon, full of good things, he saw corn, which made him think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

"Miller! Miller! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe,
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

The miller came to the door in surprise; and when he heard what was needed he said:

"I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

Then the man turned away sorrowfully and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

After a while a very old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese to market; and when she came near the man she stopped to ask him his trouble. He told her all about it; and when she had heard it all she laughed till her geese joined in with a cackle; and she said:

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"If you would know where the coal is found,
You must go to the miner, who works in the
ground."

Then the man sprang to his feet, and thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work! He had plenty of black coal ready, and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith lighted his great red fire, and hammered out four fine new shoes, with a cling! and a clang! and fastened them on with a rap! and a tap! Then away rode the man on his little gray pony,—clippety, clippety, clap!

JOHNNY CHUCK FINDS THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

Old Mother West Wind had stopped to talk with the Slender Fir Tree.

"I've just come across the Green Meadows," said Old Mother West Wind, "and there I saw the Best Thing in the World."

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Striped Chipmunk was sitting under the Slender Fir Tree and he couldn't help hearing what Old Mother West Wind said. "The Best Thing in the World—now what can that be?" thought Striped Chipmunk. "Why, it must be heaps of nuts and acorns! I'll go and find it."

So Striped Chipmunk started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could run. Pretty soon he met Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Striped Chipmunk?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Down to the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World," replied Striped Chipmunk, and ran faster.

"The Best Thing in the World?" said Peter Rabbit, "why, that must be a great pile of carrots and cabbage! I think I'll go and find it."

So Peter Rabbit started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk.

As they passed the great hollow tree Bobby Coon put his head out. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Bobby Coon.

"Down to the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, and both began to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World?" said Bobby Coon to himself, "why, that must be a whole field of sweet milky corn. I think I'll go and find it."

So Bobby Coon climbed down from the great hollow tree and started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, for there is nothing that Bobby Coon likes to eat so well as sweet milky corn.

At the edge of the wood they met Jimmy Skunk.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"Down to the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon. Then they all tried to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World?" said Jimmy Skunk. "Why, that must be packs and packs of beetles!" And for once in his life Jimmy Skunk began to hurry down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon.

They were all running so fast that they didn't see Reddy Fox until he jumped out of the long grass and asked:

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"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk, and each did his best to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World?" said Reddy Fox to himself. "Why, that must be a whole pen full of tender young chickens, and I must have them."

So away went Reddy Fox as fast as he could run down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk.

By and by they all came to the house of Johnny Chuck.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"To find the Best Thing in the World," shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox.

"The Best Thing in the World?" said Johnny Chuck. "Why, I don't know of anything better than my own little home and the warm sunshine and the beautiful blue sky."

So Johnny Chuck stayed at home and played all day among the flowers with the Merry Little

Breezes of Old Mother West Wind and was as happy as could be.

But all day long Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox ran this way and ran that way over the Green Meadows trying to find the Best Thing in the World. The sun was very, very warm and they ran so far and they ran so fast that they were very, very hot and tired, and still they hadn't found the Best Thing in the World.

When the long day was over they started up the Lone Little Path past Johnny Chuck's house to their own homes. They didn't hurry now for they were so very, very tired! And they were cross—oh, so cross! Striped Chipmunk hadn't found a single nut. Peter Rabbit hadn't found so much as the leaf of a cabbage. Bobby Coon hadn't found the tiniest bit of sweet milky corn. Jimmie Skunk hadn't seen a single beetle. Reddy Fox hadn't heard so much as the peep of a chicken. And all were as hungry as hungry could be.

Half way up the Lone Little Path they met Old Mother West Wind going to her home behind the hill. "Did you find the Best Thing in the World?" asked Old Mother West Wind.

"No!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter

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Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox all together.

"Johnny Chuck has it," said Old Mother West Wind. "It is being happy with the things you have and not wanting things which some one else has. And it is called Con-tent-ment."

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LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother thought it best to send him away from his pleasant home and put him under the care of a very strict school master who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew Mr. Toil best said that he was a very worthy man and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys as were inclined to be idle. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the

scholars or stalked about the school room. And unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his lessons he had no chance to enjoy a quiet moment in the school room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

This was because the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had been passed with his dear mother who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder that Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change to be sent away from her side and put under the care of this ugly visaged schoolmaster who never gave him any apples or cakes and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly after he had been in the school one week. "I'll run away. At any rate I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So the very next morning off started Daffydowndilly and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast and very little money to pay his expenses. He had gone only a short distance when he overtook a stranger in the road.

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"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger. "Where are you going so early in the morning?"

Daffydowndilly hesitated a moment and then he confessed that he had run away from his schoolmaster, Mr. Toil, and was trying to find some place where he would never see him again.

"Then," said the stranger, "we will go together, for I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil and should like to find some place where he was never heard of."

So Daffydowndilly and the stranger walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone very far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new mown hay and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay under the blue sky with the birds singing sweetly in the bushes than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom when he stopped to peep over a stone wall, and suddenly started back.

There was a man there who seemed to be the owner of the field. He had stripped off his coat and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. Drops of sweat stood on his brow but he gave

himself not a moment's rest and kept crying to the haymakers to work while the sun shone. Strange to say the features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil who, at that very moment, must have been entering his schoolroom.

"Quick!" cried Daffydowndilly to his companion. "Let us run before he catches us."

"Who?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Daffydowndilly. "There he is among the haymakers."

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "That is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but one of his brothers who was bred a farmer."

Daffydowndilly believed what the stranger said, but he was glad when they were out of sight of the farmer. The two went on a little farther and they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged to stop a moment. It was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work with their axes and saws and planes and hammers, shaping out the doors and putting in the window sashes and nailing on the clapboards. Daffydowndilly could not help but think that he should like to take an ax, a saw, a plane and a

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hammer and build a little house for himself where old Mr. Toil could not molest him.

But just as he was delighting himself with this idea, Daffydowndilly saw something that frightened him. Going to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of lumber, marking out the work that was to be done and urging the carpenters to be diligent was an elderly man with a rule and compass in his hand.

"Quick! Make haste!" cried Daffydowndilly. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There he is among the carpenters. It is my old schoolmaster, as sure as I am alive."

"Oh, no, that is not Mr. Toil," said the stranger looking in the direction in which Daffydowndilly pointed. "That is just another brother of his who follows the trade of a carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther and soon heard the sound of a fife and drum. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this and they soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed,

with beautiful feathers in their caps and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers beating on their drums and playing on their fifes and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. If he were only a soldier, he thought to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay for the voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded like that of Mr. Toil. Turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of Mr. Toil, himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat and a purple sash. And although he carried a sword and held his head very high, he looked just as stern as Mr. Toil did when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"That is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly. "Let us run away for fear he will make us enlist in the army."

"No," said the stranger. "That is not Mr. Toil but another of his brothers who has served in the army all his life."

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"Well," said Daffydowndilly, "if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So Daffydowndilly and the stranger went on with their journey, along the highway and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages. But wherever they went, there was the image of Mr. Toil! He stood like a scarecrow in the corn fields. If they went into a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, there he was.

"Oh, take me back! Take me back!" Daffydowndilly cried at last, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to school."

"There it is. There is the schoolhouse," said the stranger and, sure enough, there it was. Although he and Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line.

"Come," said the stranger. "We will go back to school together." There was something in the stranger's voice that startled Daffydowndilly now. How strange, he thought, that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into the stranger's face, behold, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil. Daffydowndilly had been traveling with him all day. Some people are of

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the opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician with the power of making himself into as many forms as he saw fit.

Be that as it may, Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson and from that time forward was diligent because he had found out that this was not a whit more toilsome than idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil he decided that his ways were not so very disagreeable and that the old schoolmaster's smile of praise made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

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THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There were once a poor fisherman and his wife who lived in a miserable little hut by the edge of the sea. Early and late did he cast his nets and line, but very seldom did he make a good haul and it seemed that, each day, he grew poorer.

One day as he sat in his boat, looking deep down into the water, he felt something heavy tugging at his line. He pulled the line as hard as he could and hauled in a great flounder, good for nothing, not even for poor people to eat.

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The fisherman was altogether disgusted. He rowed to the shore and was about to toss the flounder upon the dry sand, there to die, when, to his great surprise, it spoke to him in human words.

"Fisherman, do not kill me. What good will it do you? Put me back in the sea where I can swim about and live. If you will but do this, I will grant you whatever you wish."

"Very well," said the fisherman, "that is a very good bargain so far as I can see," and with that he threw the flounder back into the water. Just before it dived down beneath the surface it spoke again.

"When you want anything, come to the shore and call to me," said the flounder.

The fisherman went home then and told his wife all about his strange adventure with the flounder. She was a grasping woman and as soon as he had come to the end of his tale she said, "And why did you not ask for something then and there while you had the flounder to ask it of? How do you know that he will come if you call him? We need a nice clean cottage instead of this wretched hut. Go back and tell him; he will surely be willing to give us that."

The fisherman thought that it was rather soon

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to ask a favor of the flounder but he did not wish to displease his wife. So he went back to the edge of the sea and called:

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come and hearken unto me!
Give to my wife, Ilsobel,
A new house in which to dwell.”

He waited a moment, not at all sure that the flounder had heard him when, suddenly, the fish appeared on the surface of the water and replied:

“Go home, fisherman. Your wish has been granted.”

So the fisherman went home and he found that his miserable, poor hut was gone and in its place was a neat, tidy cottage with a bench to sit upon and two trees at the door. His wife was very, very happy. She took him inside and showed him how cozy their new home was. There was a pretty sitting room and a bedroom, a kitchen full of everything of the best in tin and brass, and a larder with a supply of butter and eggs and flour. Outside there was a little yard full of chickens and ducks and a little kitchen garden where all that was needful in the way of vegetables and flowers grew.

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It could not have been more complete.

"Is it not fine?" said the fisherman's wife.

"Indeed it is," said he. "Here we will live until the end of our days and not want for anything more. The flounder has given us all that we need."

So everything went well for a week or more and then the fisherman's wife began to grow discontented.

"This cottage is too cramped," she said, "and the garden is too small for our needs. While he was about it, I don't see why the flounder could not have given us a larger house. I should like to live in a stone castle. Go and ask the flounder for one."

The fisherman was very loath to trouble the flounder so soon again, but he was more afraid of vexing his wife, so he went down to the edge of the sea a second time and called,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come and hearken unto me.
Give to my wife, Ilsobel,
A house of stone in which to dwell."

So, a second time, the flounder appeared on the surface of the water and replied,

"Go home, fisherman. Your wish is granted."

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Again the fisherman took his way home and even before he reached it, he could see the sun shining upon the towers of the great stone palace that the flounder had been so good as to give him. His wife, smiling with happiness, stood upon the steps to greet him.

"It is just what I wanted," she said. "Come in and see."

So they went inside the castle and found everything quite wonderful. The hall was paved with marble and the walls were hung with silk. A great number of servants met them and which ever way they turned there were golden chairs and tables and rich rugs and crystal chandeliers that shone with many lights. The tables were set with silver dishes and roasted fowl and fruits and sweets of all kinds. There was a great courtyard, and the stables were full of horses and cows and fine carriages. Beyond was a beautiful garden that bore every kind of flower and fruit, and beyond that was a park a mile long in which deer and hares ran about among the great green trees.

"Now this is something worth having," said the fisherman's wife.

"It is too good for us," said the fisherman, "but so long as the flounder has given it all to us,

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we must do our best to take care of it and always be contented here."

"Oh, perhaps," said his wife.

Then they went to bed and in the morning the fisherman's wife awoke first and called in his ear:

"Wake up! Wake up! There is something that I would have you do for me."

"Why, what can you want?" asked the fisherman in wonder.

"We must be King and Queen," said she. "What use is it to live in a castle so splendid as this if we are still to be only poor fisher folk. Go to the flounder and tell him this; tell him that he must make us King and Queen."

It made the fisherman feel very badly indeed to seem so ungrateful and covetous to his friend, the flounder, but his wife would give him no peace until he went. A third time he called to the flounder from the edge of the sea:

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Once again I come to thee.
Ilsebel a Queen would be,
And a King she wishes me."

The flounder came to the surface of the water a third time.

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"Your wish is granted," he said.

The fisherman looked at himself. He wore now a purple velvet robe instead of his brown fishing smock. A gold crown was on his head and a gold scepter in his hand. He hurried home and was met by a number of soldiers who escorted him back to the castle, and there was his wife sitting on a throne of gold and diamonds. She, too, wore velvet and had a crown upon her head and a gold scepter in her hand, and her ladies stood in a long row on either side of her.

"Are you happy now?" he asked of his wife, for he noticed that she wore a frown instead of smiles.

"Alas, no," she said. "I want you to be Emperor. Go immediately to the flounder and tell him that this must be."

"Indeed I cannot," said the fisherman. "It is impossible so there's an end of it. Why, I have only just been made a King and have not tried my throne yet. Why should I be made an emperor?"

But his wife argued the matter this way and that and it turned out that, rather than so deeply displease her, the fisherman returned to the sea to again call the flounder.

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"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Sadly now I come to thee.
An Emperor with whom to dwell,
Now demands my Ilsobel."

The flounder came quickly to the surface of the water.

"Look at yourself. Your wish is granted," he said.

The fisherman looked. The grandeur that had been his before was as nothing to that which he had now as the Emperor. He was dressed in cloth of gold and his crown was studded with diamonds. When he went home he found that the stone castle had been changed to a white marble palace. Trumpets and drums were played as he approached, princes and counts and dukes were waiting to welcome him and the doors that were opened for him were of pure gold.

He found his wife sitting upon a throne that was made of solid gold and must have been about a mile high. She, too, wore a crown studded with diamonds, but her face was long and sorrowful.

"I am the Emperor, my dear," he said, thinking that this would make her smile, but she only looked at him with greater sadness.

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"What is that to me?" she asked. "I must cause the sun and moon to rise and set. I must rule the universe. Go and have the flounder arrange this."

The fisherman begged and implored his wife to change her mind but it was all of no avail. She could think of nothing but all the power that she wanted. At last she fell into a violent rage which so frightened her husband that he set out again to interview the flounder.

When he came to the sea he found a terrible storm raging. The water was foaming and black, the trees bent and shook and the sands quivered. The fisherman could hardly make himself heard but he shrieked above the thunder and the roaring of the sea:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Hear the wish I bring to thee!
May Ilsobel, more powerful yet,
Make sun and moon to rise and set?"

The flounder rose the last time to the edge of a black wave, crested with foam, and that rolled up toward the shore mountain high.

"Go home and find how your wish has been granted," said the flounder.

The fisherman turned and there he was, his

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fine clothes gone and dressed once more in his fishing smock. He went slowly home for the storm beat against his face and made it difficult for him to walk. But when he reached there he found that the palace and all its glories were gone as if the sea had swallowed them. In its place was his little, poor hut.

And there the fisherman and his wife are living to this very day.

THE BOY WHO WAS MADE KING

It happened a thousand years ago when England was not the pleasant place it is now. Instead of having one King in a fine castle to rule the land, England had a dozen or maybe twenty Kings scattered all over the island, and they oppressed the peasants, and fought among themselves, and stole the fruit of the orchards and the grain of the fields.

There had once been a good King named Pendragon, but he had died and the people could only just remember him.

They sat by their poor fires in the winter evenings and dreamed of a knight who should ride on a wonderful horse at the head of an army, his helmet and his shield glistening in the sun-

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light; and he would raise his sword, and deliver them from all their wrongs. But the Knight never came.

There was a queer old man who walked the earth in those days. Some people called him a fool and other people said that he knew everything that ever had been and everything that ever should be. Nobody knew from whence he had come. Some said that Merlin,—that was his name,—had been born of a spirit of the air. He was able to take any shape he wished. Now and then some one would tell how he had met a child, or a beggar and how they had told of strange things that were to happen soon, and then had vanished. Then one knew that it was Merlin who had taken upon himself a different form that he might prophesy to his people.

Merlin had known old King Pendragon. He had done wonderful things for the old King, and the peasants wondered that he did not help them now; but Merlin was waiting.

At last there came another cruel, cold, hungry winter. It was Christmas time when every one should be merry and glad, but there was nothing to eat, and there were no fires to keep warm by. Merlin looked about the land and then said:

“England must have one King.”

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There was a great church in London then. It was high, with towers and domes and steeples all wonderfully carved from great blocks of gray stone. The windows had the colors of a sunset or a rainbow after a shower, or a tinted shell when the sun shines through it. When Christmas came, Merlin sent messengers to all the lords and Kings of England to come to this great church in London to choose a new King.

They all came, partly because Merlin had sent for them, and partly because each one wanted to be the only King, and was quite sure that he would be chosen. As they argued among themselves as to which would make the best king, a strange thing happened. It was seen just near the end of the churchyard, outside the church. There had certainly been nothing there before, but there suddenly appeared a big, square block of stone. On the top of the stone there was an anvil, and a sword pierced straight through the anvil and the stone. The sword was the most beautiful one the lords had ever seen for it was made of a metal burnished like gold. The hilt was set with all sorts of precious jewels; pearls, and diamonds, and rubies, and topazes, and emeralds; and on the hilt were letters of gold which said:

"He who can draw this sword is the true King of England."

It seemed such a very easy thing to do. Every one of the lords wanted to try, and Merlin said they might have a chance, but not one of them could move the sword. It was a great surprise to each one who had been so sure that he was the chosen King—but Merlin smiled, for he was carrying a secret in his heart.

"The true King is not here," he said. "But he will come soon, and we shall see him. I bid you all to come here again on Twelfth Day, and all may try once more to draw the sword, and any man in the whole world who will, may try also."

So Merlin had a tent built over the stone, and he chose ten strong knights to guard it night and day; and while the lords were waiting for Twelfth Day they decided to have a tournament in the fields outside London. It was a play battle, and yet not quite play either for often a good knight was killed in tournament. All the bravest lords and knights in England came to this yearly tournament, and among them came old Sir Ector with Kay and Arthur.

Sir Ector had been one of King Pendragon's men, and he still remembered how to be merci-

ful and kind. Kay was Sir Ector's son, but Arthur was the son of King Pendragon. Kay was proud and haughty, but Arthur was gentle and pure and mild. He had seemed to forget always that he was a king's son, and he played with the village boys, and could run faster than any of them, and throw a stone farther, and shoot an arrow straighter than the most skillful of them all.

The three came riding into the tournament field on New Year's Day, and Kay would take part in the battle, but he had forgotten his sword, and so he sent Arthur back to fetch it.

Arthur did not want to go back. The tournament was a gay sight for any boy with all the banners and brilliant trappings and the glittering armor of the knights. But Arthur had learned to obey so he turned his horse toward home. He could not find Kay's sword in the house where they were staying. Then he remembered that he had seen a sword thrust into an anvil by the great church in the town. Nobody had told him that it was a king's sword, and the ten knights had all gone to the tournament. It was a sword, beautiful enough, Arthur thought, for Kay. He reined his horse in front of the church, and he jumped off, and he

pulled the sword by its jeweled hilt quite easily from the anvil and the stone for Kay.

"See, Kay, I bring you a new sword!" he cried as he galloped into the field.

Kay knew all about the sword.

"I am the King of England," he cried. "Behold, I am the King."

But Sir Ector sternly asked of Kay where he had found the sword.

"Arthur brought it to me," said Kay—my brother Arthur."

"And where did you find it, my lad?" asked Sir Ector.

"Kay sent me for his sword," said Arthur, "and I could not find it so I drew this sword from the anvil to bring it to him instead."

"We shall see if you can put the sword back in the anvil," said Sir Ector.

Now there was no hole in the anvil where the sword had come out, but as soon as Arthur, followed by all the lords, returned to the church and touched the point to the iron it sank deep into it, and into the stone. Sir Ector and Kay both tried to draw it out, but they could not; and once more, Arthur drew it again, as easily as he would have drawn a common sword from its sheath.

Then Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt at Arthur's feet; and with them the others, for Merlin told them the King of England had been found. They took Arthur by the hand and led him into the church where he laid his sword upon the altar. Then he received his arms, and promised to be faithful, and gentle, and merciful; and they set a crown upon his head. The people inside the church shouted, and the people outside caught up the cry: "Long live King Arthur!"

And when it was all over, they marched in a procession, with Arthur at the head, through the churchyard that they might see again the place where the strange thing had happened. But when they reached it, they found that the stone and the anvil were gone.

STORIES THAT HOLD ATTENTION
BECAUSE OF CLIMAX

THE SILLY LITTLE BROOK

THE Silly Little Brook awoke and opened its eyes to the sun and the world. "Oh, how do you do?" said the Sun, laughing as the Silly Little Brook blinked its eyes at him.

"Who are you?" asked the Silly Little Brook. "I never saw you before."

"Of course not," said the Sun, laughing more than ever, "because you have never been awake before. Come, now, it is time for you to get to work; you have been a long time asleep. Look back of you."

The Silly Little Brook did just as the Sun told her and looked back of her. "I don't see anything," she said, "except a black hole in the ground."

"Of course you don't," said the Sun, "because that is all there is to see. You have just come out of that hole where you have been asleep all your life. Now look ahead!"

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The Sun said this so loudly and stared at her face so long that the Silly Little Brook began to feel quite uncomfortable; so she winked and blinked and said nothing.

"Look ahead," commanded the Sun sharply. And this time she obeyed. There was a tiny, wee little stream of clear, white water trickling away like a thread down the mountain. It was the Silly Little Brook.

"Now, hurry!" said the Sun; by this time he was very fierce for his face had been getting rounder and bigger every minute, "and set to work, for you have a great deal to do. Be a useful little brook, and don't stop on your way, but make every one glad that you woke up. Good day." And the Silly Little Brook felt her feet give way before her and in a minute she was slipping and sliding down, down the mountain side.

"I'm not going to be sent down in this fashion," she grumbled as soon as she could catch her breath, while she rested a bit in a hollow. "I shall choose my way and what I will do. And I am not going to work all the time either, and the cross old Sun need not think that he can command me to do it. I am going to play as much as I want to."

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With that the Silly Little Brook rested in the hollow all that day, and the next and the next.

The first day the birds came to see the Silly Little Brook, and they sang sweet songs over her head and they told her pretty stories, and they dipped their beaks in her clear little pool of water in the hollow. And the Silly Little Brook said to herself, "Oh, what a beautiful time I am having. How glad I am that I didn't pay any attention to what the cross old Sun said to me when he told me not to stop. I shall stop here as long as I please!"

And she did.

And the next day the birds came and everything was pleasant and the Silly Little Brook went to sleep at night and dreamed of all sorts of beautiful things. But the day after she looked up and saw to her astonishment a flock of birds that was whirring along over to the top of the mountain side pause, when they came to her, and look down. Then they whispered together and presently off they flew, twittering, "Oh, no, no! We'll not stop there."

What to make of it the Silly Little Brook did not know; she only rustled and grew angrier and angrier and said that she did not care. But she went to sleep crying as hard as she could

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that night and her pillow, a clump of moss, was wet with tears.

At last, as morning broke, the Silly Little Brook heard a voice close to her ear saying, "Oh, dear Brook, wake up! I have something to say to you." And there was Robin Redbreast.

The Silly Little Brook at that opened her eyes. "What is it?" she asked sadly.

"Don't you know why the birds are flying over your head to seek other streams, without so much as giving you a gentle word, and no one remains to tell you the truth but me?" asked the Robin.

"No, I don't," said the Silly Little Brook. "Tell me, Robin."

"Look for yourself," said Robin Redbreast.

So the Silly Little Brook turned her eyes to look at herself in the little hollow where she had rested and, lo and behold, instead of the clear white water with only the shadows of the violets to color it, why, there was a dark, dirty pool of water with a little green scum coming all over the top of it.

"Why, where have I gone?" screamed the Silly Little Brook. "That is not I!"

"Oh, yes it is," said Robin Redbreast. "You have turned into this ugly pool because you stayed still. Oh, dear Brook! Why did you not obey the good sun and go on?"

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"I will now," said the Silly Little Brook, bursting into a torrent of ripples; and she tried to start. But her feet were all tangled up in a mass of leaves and green weeds and she could not move an inch.

"I'll help you," said Robin Redbreast kindly, and jumping down he picked patiently all the sticks and leaves he could in his bill and carried them out of the way of the Silly Little Brook when she should once more start to run down the mountain side.

But as fast as he picked the leaves and the sticks out of the way of the Silly Little Brook, ever so many more would come blowing down from the trees and choke up her course again. So at last poor Robin Redbreast had to sit down, quite tired out, and declare that he could do no more.

Then the Silly Little Brook began to rush about and cry more loudly than ever; and the sticks and leaves flew around her thick and fast, for it was a very windy day. The birds flew over her head, never so much as giving her a glance, and it was very dreadful indeed.

"I shall die here," mourned the Silly Little Brook; and the wind in the trees sobbed above her, "She will die here," until Robin Redbreast let his head droop on his pretty red bosom.

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But suddenly he hopped up, and he trilled out loud and clear while he flapped his wings, "Stop crying, dear Brook; I will fly and bring some help," for he had heard what the Silly Little Brook had not been able to hear, the notes way up in the sky of some little birds that he knew.

So off he flew, post haste, and back he came with a whole troop of Robin Redbreasts who were on a journey together. There were so many of them that they picked out every stick and leaf before the new ones had a chance to choke up the way and pretty soon, "Start now!" they twittered.

The Silly Little Brook started. Then away she went slipping and sliding and trickling and running like a mad little thing down the mountain side.

"Don't ever stop again," called every one of those Robin Redbreasts after her, "but go on—and on—and on!"

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THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

There was once a Prince who wanted to marry a princess; but she was to be a *real* princess.

So he traveled about through all the world to find a real one but everywhere he went and whoever he saw there was always something in the way. There were princesses enough, of course, but whether they were *real* princesses this Prince could not make out. There was usually something about them that did not seem right. So he came home again and was quite sad; for he wished so much to have a real princess.

One evening a terrible storm came on. It lightened and it thundered and the rain streamed down; it was quite fearful! Then there was a knocking at the town gate and the old King went out to open it.

It was a Princess who stood outside the gate. But, oh, how she did look from the rain and the rough weather. The water ran down her hair and her clothes; it ran in at the points of her shoes and out at the heels; and yet she declared that she was a real princess.

"Yes, we shall soon find that out," thought the old Queen. She said nothing, though; she only went into the guest room, took all the bedding off and put a pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she took twenty mattresses and laid them upon the pea and then she spread twenty eider-down quilts upon the mattresses. On these the Princess had to lie all night.

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In the morning they asked her how she slept.

"Oh, most miserably," said the Princess. "I scarcely closed my eyes all night long. I don't know what was in my bed but I lay upon something very hard. It was so hard that I am black and blue all over. It was quite dreadful.

Then they saw that she was a real princess for through the twenty mattresses and twenty eiderdown quilts she had felt the pea. No one but a real princess could be so tender skinned.

So the Prince took her for his wife for now he knew that he had a real princess. And the pea was put in the museum and it is still to be seen there unless some one has carried it off.

This is a true story.

NAHUM PRINCE

This is the story of Nahum Prince. He must have lived a hundred years or more ago, and he died, I do not know when. He was lame. Something had crushed his foot so that he could hardly walk.

It was at the time of the fighting with Burgoyne, and General Lincoln was in front and was ordering out every man from New Hampshire. And all the regular companies of troops

had been marched out. Then there came the final call for all who could go, and all the old men and boys volunteered; and there was not a boy over thirteen years of age in the village that didn't go, except Nahum Prince. When they were getting ready to go he stood up as well as he could with an old Queen Anne's arm on his shoulder. And the captain came along and saw him and said:—

“Nahum, *you* here!”

“Yes, sir,” said Nahum.

Then the captain said: “Go home, Nahum; you know you don't belong here; you can't walk a mile.”

Then he called to the doctor, and the doctor said, “Nahum, it's no use; you must go home.”

Then they all marched off with him.

Rub-a-dub-dub; rub-a-dub-dub, went the drums; and every man and boy of them went off and left poor Nahum Prince alone. He had a good home, but he was very homesick all that night and didn't sleep much; and the next morning he said:

“I shall die before night if I stay here all alone, the only boy in town. I must do something.”

It was coming autumn. It was not late, but

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he knew he must do something; so he went down and split old Widow Corliss' wood for her, for he could split wood though he could not march.

He had not been splitting wood for more than an hour when four men on horseback came down the road and stopped. He could see them stand and talk. They all went off and then one came back again and beckoned to Nahum; and when he came up the man on horseback said,

"Where are all the men gone?"

"They have all gone off to join the army," Nahum said.

"And isn't there any blacksmith in town?"

"No," said Nahum, "there isn't a man or a boy in the town except me, and I wouldn't be here only I am so lame I can't march."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the man, "that there is nobody here who can set a shoe?"

"Why, I can set a shoe," said Nahum.

"Then it is lucky you are left behind," the man said. "Light up the forge and set this shoe."

And now comes the most interesting part of the story. Nahum lighted the fire, blew the flames hot, and set the shoe on the horse; and the horse and the rider went away after the man had thanked Nahum.

Nahum finished splitting the widow's wood. And when, the next week, the boys came home and told how Colonel Seth Warner came up on his horse just in time, leading the First Regiment, and took the prisoners and won the day, Nahum didn't say anything. But he knew that Colonel Warner never would have been on that horse if he hadn't set that shoe. And it was little lame Nahum Prince who really won the splendid victory which ended the Battle of Bennington.

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THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were apples that would bring a great price if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays, but not so much as a seed of them exists any longer.

Even in the old, half forgotten times before the garden of Hesperides was overrun with weeds, all had heard of the golden apple tree but no one had seen the apples. Adventurous young men who desired to do a braver thing

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than any one else set out in quest of the fruit, but some of them never came back and none brought back the apples. It was said that there was a dragon under the tree with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on watch while the other fifty slept.

But once the adventure was undertaken by a hero. He was wrapped in the skin of a fierce lion which he, himself, had killed. A mighty club was in his hands and a bow and quiver was slung over his shoulder. As he went on his way he was continually inquiring the right road to the garden of the Hesperides but none of the country people could tell him. So he journeyed on and on until he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me," asked the hero, "if this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had grown weary of seeking it. Pray, what do you want there?"

"A certain King, who is my cousin," he replied, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"Most of the young men who go in quest of the apples want them for themselves," the

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maidens replied, "but do you know," they asked, "that a terrible dragon with a hundred heads keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the hero, "but it has always been my business to deal with difficult things."

He carelessly lifted his club and let it fall upon a rock that lay, half buried, in the earth nearby. The great rock was shattered to pieces.

"Do you not believe," he asked, looking at the maidens with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed several of the dragons' heads? Perhaps you have heard of me before?" he said. "My name is Hercules."

"We had already guessed it," said the maidens, "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world."

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses.

They twined his club with flowers until it looked like a huge bunch of posies. Hercules would have liked to stay with them but he remembered his bold and difficult adventure still to be undertaken.

"I pray, tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?" he begged.

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"Ah, must you go so soon?" they exclaimed. "Well, then, go to the seashore and find the Old Man of the Sea. He is a seafaring person and knows all about the garden for it lies on an island."

And as Hercules set out again on his journey, one of the maidens called after him, "Keep fast hold of the Old Man of the Sea when you catch him and do not be surprised at anything that happens. Hold him fast and he will tell you what you wish to know."

Hercules traveled constantly onward, over hills and through the solitary woods. By and by he heard the sea roaring in the distance and so he increased his speed until he came to the beach where great surf waves tumbled on the dry land in a long line of snowy foam. A carpet of green grass covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should Hercules see there but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? On closer glance he seemed to be a creature of the sea. On his legs and arms there were scales and he was web-footed and web-fingered after the fashion of a duck. His hair and long beard had the appearance of tufts of sea weed and his

body put one in mind of a stick of timber, long tossed about by the sea and all overgrown with barnacles. As soon as Hercules set eyes on this strange person he knew that it must be the Old Man of the Sea. He went on tip-toe toward him and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," he cried, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

But, all of a sudden, the Old Man of the Sea seemed to slip from out of his grasp. Instead, Hercules found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared and it was a sea bird, fluttering and screaming, that Hercules clutched by the wing and claw. But the bird did not get away. Immediately afterward there was an ugly, three headed dog which growled and barked at Hercules and snapped fiercely but Hercules would not let go. In another minute, Hercules found himself holding a snake. It twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body and opened its jaws as if to devour him but Hercules clutched it so tightly that it began to hiss with pain.

And as Hercules struggled so bravely, there came the Old Man of the Sea again, the same fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of person with a tuft of sea weed on his chin.

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"Pray, what do you want with me?" he cried.

"My name is Hercules," said the hero, "and you will never get out of my clutch until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides."

"You must go on," answered the Old Man of the Sea, "until you come to a very tall giant who holds the sky on his shoulders. And this giant will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, Hercules went on. But there was nothing before him but the foaming, measureless ocean. How was he to cross it, he wondered?

But just at that instant a wonderful, immense bowl of burnished gold appeared on the water. It was ten times larger than a mill wheel, yet it floated more lightly than an acorn cup in the waters of a forest brook. The waves tumbled it onward until it touched the shore within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift and guided in order to carry Hercules across the sea on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. So he clambered over the brim and slid down

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on the inside. It rocked gently on the waves and the motion was so delightful that it put Hercules immediately fast asleep.

When he awoke he found that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea. It had come to an island. He got out and what do you think he saw?

A giant!

A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst like a girdle and hung like a hoary beard from his chin and flitted before his huge eyes so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden bowl in which he had been voyaging. When a breeze wafted the clouds from the giant's face, Hercules could see his eyes, each as large as a lake, his nose that appeared a mile long and his mouth that was as wide. Poor fellow! He must have stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had grown from acorns and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes and roared in a voice like thunder, "Who are you, down at my feet? I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world, and I hold the sky upon my head."

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"I am Hercules," shouted back the hero. "Can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides? I want three of the golden apples that grow there."

"Nobody but myself can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for holding up the sky I would take half a dozen steps across the sea and get them for you," the giant answered.

"Cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?" asked Hercules.

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, "but if you were to stand on the top of the nearest one, you would be tall enough. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

"Is the sky very heavy?" asked Hercules.

"It gets burdensome after a thousand years," answered the giant.

"And how long," asked Hercules, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take fifteen miles at a stride and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules. "I will climb the mountain behind you there and relieve you of your burden."

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So, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas to those of Hercules.

The first thing the giant did was to stretch himself. Next he slowly lifted one of his feet from out of the forest that had grown around it; and then the other. Then he capered and leaped and danced for joy with a force that made the earth tremble. He laughed; and the mountains echoed with the roar. Then he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, ten miles at the second which brought the water only up to his knees, and ten miles at the third making him waist deep. And this was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched him but, by and by, the weight of the sky grew irksome on his shoulders. There was the bluster of the wind and the rain and the blazing sun, taking their turns at making him uncomfortable. It was a great responsibility, too. If he did not stand perfectly still, the sun would perhaps be put ajar. Or the stars might fall, in a fiery shower, on people's heads! It was not long, though, until he saw the huge shape of the giant like a cloud on the edge of the sea. In his hand were three golden apples as big as pumpkins, and all hanging from one branch

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"I am glad to see you again," Hercules shouted. "And now as I have a long way to go—will you be kind enough to take the sky from off my shoulders?"

"Why, as to that," chuckled the giant. "Cannot I carry the golden apples for you to their destination? And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now."

"What?" shouted Hercules wrathfully. "Are you going to make me hold up the sky forever?"

"For the next hundred years or perhaps a thousand," said the giant. "If I feel in the mood, then, we may possibly shift about."

What was Hercules to do? He thought. Then he spoke.

"Just take the sky upon your head for an instant," he begged; "I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for it to rest upon."

"That's no more than fair," said the giant. "For five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. That isn't long, since I shall be free of it for the next thousand years."

He threw down the golden apples, received back the sky from the head and shoulders of Hercules upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the golden

apples that were bigger than pumpkins and set out on his journey home.

And there stands the giant to this day. Another forest grew up around his feet and became ancient, and again might be seen oak trees six or seven hundred years old betwixt his enormous toes. When the thunder rumbles about the mountain top it is the voice of Atlas, bellowing after Hercules who never returns.

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THE HAPPY PRINCE

All day long the swallow flew and at night time he came to the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope that the town has made preparations."

Then the swallow saw the statue of the Happy Prince on a tall column. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

"I will put up there," cried the swallow, "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

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"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked around and prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing," he cried, "the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" the swallow said. "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away."

But before he had opened his wings a third drop fell and he looked up and saw—ah, what did the swallow see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the swallow.

"Far away," said the statue in a low voice like music, "in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her

face is thin and worn and her hands are pricked by the needle for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honor to wear at the next Court ball. In a bed in a corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever and is asking for oranges, and his mother has nothing to give him but river water and he is crying. Swallow, little swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile and talking to the large lotus flowers there."

"Swallow, little Swallow!" said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night and be my messenger?"

So the swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town. He passed by the cathedral tower where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed over the dark streets by the river where merchants bargained and weighed out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in.

The boy tossed feverishly on his bed and the

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mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings.

"How cool I feel! I must be getting better," said the boy.

Then the swallow flew back to the Happy Prince. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

When the day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath.

"A swallow in winter!" said every one and a letter about it was written in the newspaper.

The swallow felt very important and he sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went, the sparrows chirped and said to each other, "What a distinguished guest!" So he enjoyed himself very much. When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I am just starting for Egypt," he said.

"Swallow, little swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the swallow. "The river horse couches there among the bulrushes and at noon the yellow lions

come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls and their roar is louder than the roar of a cataract."

"Swallow, little swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers and in a tumbler by his side is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp and his lips are red as a pomegranate and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theater but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the swallow who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince. "My eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it and buy food and firewood and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the swallow, "I cannot do that."

"Swallow, little swallow, do as I command you," said the Prince.

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So the swallow plucked out the Prince's eye and flew away to the student's garret room. It was easy enough to get in because there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

The next day the swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large ship and watched the sailors and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he said.

"Swallow, little swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," said the swallow, "and the snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm and the pink and white doves are cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must go, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back a ruby as red as a rose and a sapphire as blue as the sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter and they are spoiled. She has no shoes or stockings and her

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head is bare and she is crying because she has no money to take home. Pluck out my other eye and give it to her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, do as I command you," said the Prince.

So the swallow plucked out the Prince's other eye and darted down with it. He swooped past the match girl and dropped the jewel in the palm of her hand. "What a pretty bit of glass," cried the little girl and she ran home laughing.

Then the swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little swallow," said the Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I shall stay with you always," said the swallow and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands.

"Dear little swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things but fly over my city, little one, and tell me what you see there."

So the swallow flew over the great city and

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saw the rich making merry while beggars sat at the gates, and little children were cold and hungry. Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince. "Take it off and give it to my poor."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off until the Happy Prince looked quite dull and gray. Leaf after leaf he brought to the poor and the children's faces grew rosier for they were no longer hungry and they laughed and played in the streets.

Then the snow came, and after that the frost. Long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, everybody wore furs and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The swallow grew colder and colder but he would not leave the Prince. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact is that the heart of the Happy Prince that was made of lead had snapped in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

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Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square.

"How shabby the Happy Prince looks," he said, "and here is a dead bird at his feet."

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful we do not need him," they said, and they melted the statue in the furnace.

"What a strange thing!" said one of the workmen in the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead swallow was lying.

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"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His angels and the angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing forevermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

STORIES THAT DEVELOP THE CHILD'S EMOTIONS

THE LITTLE HERO OF HOLLAND

EVER so far away, across the sea, there is a little country called Holland. Wonderful things grow there—fields of grain, and sweeping meadows of green grass, and, oh, such gardens of tulips, red and yellow.

The ground in Holland is lower than the sea and the tides would come in, covering up all the houses and fields and gardens if the people did not do something to keep it out. So they built, a long time ago, great thick walls around the country, walls as wide as banks and called dikes.

There was once a little boy who lived in Holland, and his name was Hans. His father kept cows and sold the milk and every night, just about sunset, Hans would go across the fields to his father's own special pasture to drive home the cows. His way lay along the edge of one of the dikes and as he walked behind the cows, who were so gentle that they needed very little driving, he would look at the great stones of

which the dike was built, and he would think how terrible an accident it would be if one of the stones would give way.

One evening as he was on his way home with the cows he stopped at a place outside the town where there were no houses, but ever so much green grass, and many wild tulips. He stooped to pick some of the pretty red flowers, but, ah, what did he see?

There was a tiny hole in the bank and a drop of water bubbled through!

"It is a break in the dike," cried Hans. "What shall I do?"

He looked behind him and before, but not a person was in sight. The little drops were oozing steadily through the hole, and Hans knew that the water would soon break out one of the great stones if some one did not stop it. The town was so far away that if he ran for help he would be too late. He looked once more; the hole had grown larger, and the water was trickling through now.

Suddenly Hans had a thought. He stuck his forefinger in the hole. It fitted perfectly. The cows trudged along the road toward home by themselves, and Hans was left alone keeping back the sea.

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He could hear the water, *splash, splash, splash* on the rocks. It sounded very terrible, and very near. By and by his hand felt numb and cold. He rubbed it, but it grew still more cold and numb. There was no one in sight as far down the road as he could see, and his back began to ache, and there was a great pain in his arm, but still he held his finger at the hole, keeping back the sea.

The sun went down, and it grew very dark. As the sea rumbled and roared down among the rocks it seemed to say to him,

"I am greater than you, a little child. I break the ships and drown the sailors. I will come through!"

But Hans shut his teeth together and tried not to hear the song of the sea, or to feel the ache in his arm while he said to himself:

"You shall *not* come through, and flood my beautiful Holland!"

After a while when it was very late at night, he heard a far away shout. He saw, in the distance, a black speck in the road. It came nearer, and nearer, growing larger all the time. It was Hans' own father with all the neighbors, and they called to Hans:

"We're coming. We're coming!"

They must have known that something had happened to the dike for some of them had their pickaxes and shovels, just as they had come from the fields, and when they saw little Hans, so tired, and cold, and aching, but still so very brave with his finger in the hole in the wall, they all gave a great shout. They lifted him high in their arms and told him that he was a hero for he had saved the country.

When the men had mended the wall, they marched home like an army with little Hans riding on his father's shoulders. To this day the people tell the story of how little Hans kept the sea from coming through the dike.

IT IS QUITE TRUE

"That is a terrible story!" said a Hen in a quarter of the town where the affair had not happened. "That is a terrible story from a poultry yard. I dare not sleep alone to-night! It is quite fortunate that there are so many of us on the roost together." And she told the tale which made the feathers of the other hens stand on end, and the cock's comb fall down flat. It is quite true.

But we will begin at the beginning; and that took place in another part of the town.

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The sun went down and the fowls jumped up on their perch to roost. There was a Hen with white feathers and short legs who laid eggs regularly and was a model hen in every way. As she flew up on to the roost she pecked herself with her beak and a little feather fell from her.

"There it goes," said she; "the more I peck myself the handsomer I grow." And she said it quite merrily for she was a joker among the hens. And then she went to sleep.

It was dark all around. The hens sat side by side on the roost, but the one that sat next to the merry Hen could not sleep. She heard and she did not hear, as one should do in this world if one would live in peace; but she could not help telling it to her neighbor.

"Did you hear what she said just now?" she asked. "I name no names, but here is a Hen who wants to peck her feathers out to look well. If I were a cock I would despise her."

Just above the hens sat the Owl with her husband and her children. The family had sharp ears and they all heard every word that the neighboring hen had spoken. They blinked their eyes and the Mother-Owl clapped her wings and said,

"Don't listen to it. But I suppose you heard

what was said there? I heard it with my own ears and one must believe much before one's ears fall off. There is one among the fowls who has so completely forgotten what is becoming conduct in a hen that she pulls out all her feathers while the cock sits looking at her."

"That is a terrible story," said the Father-Owl. "I will tell it to the neighbors," and he flew away.

"*Too-hoo, too-hoo!*" he screeched in front of a near by dove cote to the doves within. "Have you heard it? Have you heard it? *Hoo, hoo!* There is a hen who has pulled out all her feathers for the sake of the cock. She will die of cold; perhaps she is dead already."

"*Coo, coo,* Where, where?" cried the doves.

"In the neighboring poultry yard," answered the Father-Owl. "I have as good as seen her myself. It is hardly right to tell you, but it is quite true."

"Believe it; believe every single word of it!" cooed the doves, who had great respect for the Father-Owl, and they cooed down into their own poultry yard, "There's a Hen, and some say that there are two of them, who have pulled out all their feathers that they may look different from the others and attract attention. That is a dan-

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gerous thing to do for one may catch cold and die of a fever. They are both dead!"

"Wake up! Wake up!" crowed the Cock and he flew up to the top of the garden wall. His eyes were still heavy with sleep, but yet he crowed, "Three hens have died. They have plucked out all their feathers. This is a terrible story but I will not keep it to myself. Pass it on."

"Pass it on!" repeated the Bats and the fowls clucked and the cocks crowed, "Pass it on! Pass it on!" And so the story traveled from poultry yard to poultry yard and at last came back to the place from which it had gone forth.

"Five fowls," it was told now, "have plucked out all their feathers to show which of them has become thinnest and then they have pecked at each other and have killed each other, to the shame and disgrace of their families and to the great loss of their master."

And the Hen who had lost the little loose feather of course did not know her own story again; and as she was a very good Hen she said,

"I despise those hens, but there are many of that sort. One ought not to keep quiet about such a thing and I shall do what I can that the story may get into the papers. Then it will be

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spread all over the country, which will serve those hens right and their families too."

It was put into the newspapers. It was printed. But what was true about it was this—that one little feather may easily become five hens.

THE COW

The widow Marya lived with her mother and six children. Their means of life were small. But they used their last money in the purchase of a cow, so as to have milk for the children. The eldest children pastured Brownie in the field, and gave her food at home.

One time while the mother was away from home, the eldest son, Misha, in climbing on the shelf after bread, knocked over a tumbler and broke it.

Misha was afraid that his mother would chide him. So he gathered up the large pieces of broken glass, carried them into the yard, and buried them, but the little pieces he threw into the basin. The mother missed the glass, and made inquiries; but Misha said nothing, so the matter rested.

On the next day, after dinner, after the

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mother went to give Brownie food from the basin, she found that Brownie was ailing and would not eat her food. They tried to give her medicine, and they called the doctor. The doctor said that the cow would not live; it was best to slaughter her for beef.

They called a peasant and proceeded to slaughter the cow. The children heard Brownie lowing in the yard; they all began to weep.

After they had slaughtered Brownie, they took off the hide and cut the carcass in pieces, and there, in the throat, they found a piece of glass. And so they knew that her death was caused by her swallowing the glass in the basin that had held her food.

When Misha heard this he began to weep bitterly, and confessed to his mother that he broke the glass. The mother said nothing, but also wept. Then she said:

"We have killed our Brownie, and have nothing to get another cow with. How will the little ones live without milk?"

Misha kept howling louder and louder, and would not come when they ate the jelly made from the cow's head. Every time when he went to sleep, he saw in his dreams how Uncle

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Vasili brought the red cow by the horns,—Brownie, with her wide eyes and beautiful neck.

From that time the children had no more milk. Only on holidays they had milk, for then Marya asked her neighbor for a mug of it.

It happened that the lady of that estate needed a child's nurse. And the grandmother said to the daughter:

"Let me go; I will take the place as nurse, and maybe God will let you get along with the children alone. And if God spares me, I can earn enough in a year to buy a cow."

Thus they did. The grandmother went to the lady; but it grew still more hard for Marya and the children. The children lived a whole year without having milk. They had nothing but kisel jelly and bread to eat and they grew thin and pale.

After the year was over, the grandmother came home, bringing twenty dollars.

"Well, daughter," said she, "now we will buy a cow."

Marya was delighted; all the children were delighted. Marya and the grandmother went to market to buy their cow. They asked a neighbor to stay with the children, and they asked another neighbor, Uncle Zakhar, to go with them and help them to select the cow.

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After saying their prayers they went to town. In the afternoon the children kept running into the street to see if they could see the cow. They amused themselves guessing what kind of a cow she would be—red or black. They kept telling one another how they would feed her. All day long they waited and waited. They walked a mile to meet the cow, but as it was already growing dark, they turned back.

Suddenly they saw coming along the road a cart, and in it sat their grandmother, and beside the hind wheel walked a brindle cow tied by the horn, and their mother was walking behind urging her on with a dry stick.

The children ran to them and began to examine the cow. They brought bread and grass and tried to feed her. The mother went into the cottage, changed her clothes, and went out with her towel and milk-pail. She sat down beside the cow. The Lord be praised! The cow gave milk, and the children stood around and watched the milk straining into the pail, and listened to its sound under the mother's fingers. When the mother had milked the pail half full she carried it down cellar, and each of the children had a mug of milk for supper.

HOW NICE IT WOULD BE

"How am I ever to make this room tidy?" said Ada to her brother as she looked with a sigh at the table in the playroom. It was covered with books and toys and there were more books on the floor.

"How nice it would be if our books and other things would put themselves away when we have finished with them instead of our having to do everything. I wish you would help me, Freddy," she added impatiently, "instead of just lying there on the floor."

But her brother did not stir. "How nice it would be," he said, "if the bell would ring itself at meals and the letters go into the post box alone." These were the tasks that Freddy did every day and he was too lazy to enjoy even such simple ones as these.

"It would save us a great deal of trouble if things were not so helpless," Ada went on, who was quite lazy, too, and disliked to exert herself in any way. Just then she heard the rattle of the tea cups and was obliged to stir herself and clear the table but all the while she thought, "How nice it would be for mother if the cups

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and plates would set themselves on the table for our supper and if the knife would cut the bread, and butter it all alone."

She was so full of this idea that when she was going to bed her mother said, "Dear child, how slow you are. Do you expect the comb and brush to come to you?"

Ada tried to hurry a little as she undressed and combed her hair for the night but she was still very, very slow. She got to bed and fell asleep. It seemed only a short time, though, when she was aroused by a jerk that made her tumble out of bed and on to the floor. Opening her eyes she found that it was broad daylight and the clock was striking seven.

"Dear me," she thought. "My bed has actually made me get up by turning me out on the floor. I hope that this is not going to happen every morning at seven o'clock. Well, as I am out of bed, I may as well get up," she decided.

She went about dressing herself and was very much surprised to find that each one of her clothes offered itself to her, in turn, as she needed it; shoes, stockings, frock, apron and all. Ada would have been dressed in unusually good time if she had not taken up a story book and become so interested looking at the pictures that

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she was quite startled to hear the breakfast bell ring.

She hastily took up her hair brush, smoothed over her tangled hair and ran downstairs, not noticing that she was followed, all the way down, by her comb that tried as hard as it could to attract her attention.

"Why do you bring your comb down to breakfast, Ada?" asked her father.

"What a tangle your hair is in?" exclaimed her mother. "You had better go and make it tidy at once."

Ada was only too glad to escape from the dining room with the comb that had insisted upon coming down with her and she used it so carefully in combing all the tangles out of her hair that she was able to persuade it to stay in its drawer at last.

She went back to breakfast just in time to see Freddy, who was very late, come into the room closely followed by his tooth brush. The poor boy was able to eat very little breakfast. Nearly all his time was taken up trying to hide the tooth brush that kept hopping up in front of his bowl of porridge.

When Ada went to school, she found all her books waiting for her in a row on the threshold;

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her speller and her arithmetic were in front because she had forgotten to study these the day before. She gathered them up and carried them as quickly as she could to her desk, hoping that no one had seen them, and then she sat down to her other lessons. But, oh, the speller and the arithmetic made their escape and Ada suddenly saw them place themselves, open, before the teacher. Finding that Ada could not say a word of the lessons, the teacher kept her an hour longer than usual to learn them.

By this time Ada was very tired of having had her wish come true and of being waited upon by the belongings that she had neglected for so long, but she could not stop them. At dinner time she found a piece of soap by the side of her plate which reminded her that she had forgotten to wash her face and hands before coming down stairs. She was obliged to run up and do it at once as the soap would take the place of the bread upon her plate and to use it was the only way of getting rid of it. When she came down again she was late for dinner and had no dessert.

After dinner Ada went to the playroom in a very unhappy frame of mind. She knew that she ought to sit down quietly and learn her les-

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sons for the next day but she was feeling rather cross and particularly idle. Hearing Freddy's voice in the garden, she ran out to play with him a while. As she jumped down the steps she caught her frock upon a nail and tore a great hole in it.

Ada had no idea of giving up her play to mend a tear in her dress so she went back and stuck a few pins in it. She was running out again when she found herself surrounded and caught as in a net by the things from her work basket. The thread wound itself round and round her feet. The thimble placed itself firmly upon her finger and would not come off. The needles and pins stuck into her on all sides until she was obliged to sit down and spend all the afternoon mending her torn frock.

Just as she had finished she found that it was time to dress for supper and it made her very happy to remember that her mother was expecting some company.

"Now I shall have a comfortable time with nothing to trouble me!" thought Ada as she went down to tea in her best white dress and her pink sash and hair ribbons. For a little while she forgot all about her troubles and when supper was over she sat down in her grandfather's

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arm chair. Ada was particularly fond of arm chairs but the chair, itself, knew that it was not made to hold selfish little girls. It leaned forward and tipped her out upon the floor, and all the company surely must have known the reason why.

Ada decided to go to bed. It had been a very unhappy day for her, and she cried a little before she closed her eyes. Suddenly she opened them again. Daylight was streaming in the window and her mother, smiling, stood by her side.

"I called you five minutes ago, Ada," she said, "and then I called again and at last came in to see what made you sleep so soundly."

Ada looked about the room. Everything was as it should be. There were her clothes on the chair, her books upon the shelves, the soap in the soap dish and her work box shut and locked. She was happier than she had ever been before as she jumped out of bed and began dressing quickly.

She did not tell her dream to any one but she always remembered it. That morning as she and Freddy started to school with their books she said to him,

"Isn't it nice to do everything for oneself?"

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

It was on a bitterly cold, snowy, New Year's Eve. A little girl was wandering in the dark cold streets, she was bareheaded and barefooted. She had certainly worn slippers when she left home, but they were not much good for they were so huge. They had last been worn by her mother, and they fell off the child's feet when she was running across the street to avoid some carriages that were rolling by. One of the shoes could not be found at all; and the other was picked up by a boy who ran off with it, saying that it would do for a cradle when he had children of his own. So the poor little girl had to go on with her little bare feet which were red and blue with cold.

She carried a quantity of matches in her apron, and she held a packet of them in her hand. Nobody had bought any of her during all the long day; nobody had given her a penny. The poor little creature was hungry and perishing with cold, and she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell upon her long yellow hair which curled so prettily about her face, but she paid no attention to that.

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Lights were shining from every window, and there was a most delicious odor of roast goose in the streets for it was New Year's Eve—she could not forget that. She found a corner where one house projected a little beyond the next one, and here she crouched, drawing up her feet under her, but she was colder than ever. She did not dare go home for she had not sold any matches, and had not earned a single penny. Her father would beat her; besides it was almost as cold at home as it was here. They had only the roof over them, and the wind whistled through it, although they stuffed up the biggest cracks with rags and straw. Her little hands were almost dead with cold.

Oh, one little match would do some good! Should she pull one out of the bundle and strike it on the wall to warm her fingers? She pulled one out. *Critch*, how it spluttered, how it blazed! It burned with a bright, clear flame just like a little candle when she held her hand round it.

It was a very curious candle, too. In its light the little girl fancied she was sitting in front of a big stove with polished brass feet and handles. There was a splendid fire blazing in it and warming her so beautifully, but—what hap-

pened—just as she was stretching out her feet to warm them, the blaze went out, the stove vanished, and she was left sitting with the end of the burned out match in her hand.

She struck a new one, it burned, blazed up, and where the light fell upon the wall, it became transparent like gauze, and she could see right through it into the room. The table was spread with a snowy cloth and pretty china; a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes was steaming on it. And what was even better, the goose hopped from the dish with the carving knife sticking in his back, and it waddled across the floor. It came right up to the poor child, and then—the match went out, and there was nothing left to be seen but the thick black wall.

Again, she lit another match. This time she was sitting under a lovely Christmas tree. It was much larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen when she peeped through glass doors at the rich merchant's house this very last Christmas. Thousands of lighted candles gleamed upon its branches, and colored pictures such as she had seen in the shop windows looked down upon her. The little girl stretched out her hands to touch them, but—out went the match.

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All the Christmas candles rose higher and higher, till she saw that they were only the twinkling stars.

So she struck another match against the wall, and this time it was her grandmother who appeared in the circle of the flame. She saw her quite clearly and distinctly, looking so gentle and happy.

"Grandmother!" cried the little creature, "Oh, do take me with you! I know you will vanish when the match goes out; you will vanish like the warm stove, and the goose, and the Christmas tree."

She hastily struck a whole bundle of matches, because she did so long to keep her grandmother with her. The light of the matches made it as bright as day. Grandmother had never before looked so big, nor so beautiful. She lifted the little match girl up in her arms, and they soared in a circle of light and joy, far, far above the earth, where there was no more cold, no hunger, no pain, for they were with God.

THE WONDERFUL BOX

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago when strange things were apt to happen that there was

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no accounting for, there lived a boy whose name was Epimetheus. He had no brother or sister with whom to play, so it was arranged that he should have a little girl to be his playmate and live in the house with him. Her name was Pandora and she was as lively as Epimetheus had been shy, and as merry as he was quiet.

The first thing that Pandora noticed when she entered the house where Epimetheus lived was a huge, carved box. Almost the first thing that she said to Epimetheus after she had crossed the threshold was to ask what could be inside the box for she was a very curious little maiden.

"Oh, you mustn't ask that," Epimetheus answered Pandora. "It is a secret. The box was left here to be cared for and no one is supposed to open it. I have not the slightest idea what is inside."

"Did not the person who brought it tell you anything about it?" asked Pandora.

"He only left it at the door," replied Epimetheus. "He was a stranger; I had never seen him before but he looked full of laughter when he set the box down on our threshold."

"Then I can tell you all about it," said Pandora. "It must have been left for me and it probably contains pretty dresses for me and toys for us both and good things to eat."

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"That may be so," replied Epimetheus, "but the box must not be opened until the messenger returns and gives his permission." And no matter how hard curious little Pandora begged, Epimetheus would not let her touch the box. But presently he went out of doors and Pandora was left alone with it.

She stood looking in curious wonder at the box. It was indeed very beautiful on the outside. It had been carved with amazing skill; all about the edges and corners were figures of men and women and the prettiest children imaginable. On the top was carved a strangely beautiful face; that was all, except the dark, shining richness of the polished wood, and the face had a garland of flowers about its brow. The box was not fastened by a lock or key. Instead, it was tied with an intricate knot of gold cord. In and out the cord was twisted and in so puzzling a way that Pandora's little fingers itched to try and test their skill at untangling it.

"A very ingenious person it must have been who tied this knot," Pandora thought. "Yet I am quite sure that I could untie it if I were but to try."

She put her ear down to the box and it seemed to her that there was quite a tumult of whisper-

ing inside. "I could tie it again, anyway," she added, trying to excuse her curiosity. Then, by the merest accident, she gave the cord a sudden twist. The knot untied itself as if by magic; the box was left without a fastening.

"What will Epimetheus say?" Pandora, troubled, thought now, but again she seemed to hear the strange sounds from inside the box as if a score of fairy voices were saying,

"Let us out, dear Pandora. Please let us out. We have been shut up in here so long and you have no idea what splendid playfellows we will be for you and Epimetheus."

Just then Epimetheus came in and he saw naughty Pandora with her hand upon the lid of the box. Before he could reach her or stop her, Pandora had lifted it; the box was open.

Suddenly the house grew very dark and dismal. It was as if a black cloud had swept over the sun. There was a loud growling and muttering of thunder and the room where the children stood was suddenly filled with a swarm of winged creatures who took their flight out of the box and Epimetheus cried in terror.

"I am stung. Oh, Pandora, they are biting me!"

Pandora dropped the lid of the box but she

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had been too late. All about her was a buzzing and humming as of a whole hive of bees. As her eyes pierced the dim light she saw a swarm of ugly forms, with bats' wings and terribly long stings in their tails. She, too, was stung in a minute and began to cry as loudly as did Epimetheus.

Who were these strange little creatures who had escaped from the box?

Why, they were the whole family of Troubles who might have been safely tucked away until now if it had not been for the curiosity of Pandora. There were the Passions, and the Cares; there were an hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were more Sicknesses than one could count and more kinds of Naughtiness than one could name.

They all flew about as much as they liked and stung Epimetheus and Pandora as many times as they wished. The children found the stings very hard to bear because you must know that this was the very first pain that they, or anybody else since the world began, had ever felt.

Epimetheus sat down in a corner, very cross, and with his back to Pandora. She threw herself upon the box, still crying bitterly.

It was as she was lying here, sobbing not so much from her suffering as from having been so

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curious and the cause of the release of the Troubles, that she heard a gentle tapping upon the lid of the box. Pandora, wondering, lifted her head. Again there came the same soft tapping as if a fairy, inside the box, were knocking upon the lid with her tiny fists.

"Is there anybody still inside this horrid box?" Pandora's curiosity which was not quite gone made her ask. "Who are you?"

A sweet voice answered her. "Lift the lid and you will see who I am."

"No, indeed, I shall not do that," Pandora said, beginning to cry again. "Never again will I lift the lid of this horrid box. Whoever you are inside, there you shall stay."

"That is what I think, too," Epimetheus said suddenly from his corner. "We have had enough of your opening that box now, Pandora. There is no knowing what might happen if you were to do it again."

But the pleading little voice spoke to them again.

"Oh, but I am not like the others; you will find me quite nice—as pleasant as the Troubles are disturbing. Of course you need not let me out if you would rather not but it would bring you happiness if you would lift the lid just a trifle.

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I can tell you that I don't want to stay shut up in here very much longer."

It was a witching little voice and not easy to refuse.

"Epimetheus," said Pandora, "What shall I do about it? Shall I lift the lid or not?"

"Do just as you please; I'll have nothing to say about it," Epimetheus growled, nursing his stings. "I don't know that a little more mischief can do us very much harm if you are bound to be naughty."

At that Pandora started to sob again but the voice from inside the box stopped her.

"He will be just as glad to see me as you will, Pandora. Come, lift the lid. Epimetheus is waiting for me only he doesn't know it."

"I am going to open the box again," Pandora decided. "But the lid seems to stick."

"I'll help you, Pandora," Epimetheus said, coming over and tugging at the lid with her, all his crossness gone.

As they opened the box, out flew a sunny, smiling little creature as blithe and pretty to look at as the Troubles were heavy and ugly. She was not a fairy; neither was she a butterfly or a humming bird or a flower blown by a summer wind, or a bit of the rainbow but all of these

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combined in one. She flew to Epimetheus and touched him and his pain stopped. She lighted upon Pandora's shoulder and the little girl's stings were cured. She sent some of the Troubles back into the box, although I am sorry to say that most of them made their escape through the door and out into the world where she would have to pursue them later.

"I wonder who you are," Pandora asked, stretching out her arms to the beautiful little creature.

"My name is Hope," said the little person.

"You wear all the colors of the rainbow," said Epimetheus.

"That is because I am made of tears and smiles as the rainbow is made of raindrops and sunshine," she explained.

"Will you stay with us always?" begged Pandora.

"That is exactly what I came to do," said Hope, "to stay as long as you need me and that will be as long as you live on the earth."

"We are so glad that you came," the two children cried together, in one breath.

And so has every one else been glad that Hope came out of the wonderful box at the same time that the Troubles came for she cures their stings

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and helps to drive them away no matter how many of them there are.

THE MAD TEA PARTY

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house and a March Hare and a Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse sat between them and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head.

The table was a large one but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they shouted when they saw a little girl named Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room," said Alice, and she sat down in a large arm chair at one end of the table.

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity, "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes wide on hearing this, but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!"

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thought Alice. "I'm glad they have begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she said aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it," said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

Here the talking stopped and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she knew about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much. The Hatter was the first to break the silence.

"What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he looked angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily. Then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is."

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied, "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"That's just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. "I don't quite understand you," she said as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose. Then he turned to Alice. "Have you guessed the riddle yet?" he asked.

"No," Alice replied. "What is the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

Alice sighed wearily. "It's wasting time to use it in asking riddles with no answers," she said.

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"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's he. I quarreled with him last March," he went on, "just before he," pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare, "went mad. It was at the grand concert given by the Queen of Hearts and I had to sing,

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at,
Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky?' "

Here the Dormouse shook itself and began singing in its sleep.

"Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished," continued the Hatter. "When the Queen called out, 'He's murdering the time. Off with his head!' And ever since that," the Hatter ended sadly, "Time won't do a thing I ask him. It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea things are put here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's the reason," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea time, and we've no chance to wash the dishes between whiles."

"Then you keep moving around, I suppose," said Alice.

"We do," said the Hatter, "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" asked Alice.

"Suppose you tell us a story," the March Hare interrupted.

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice.

"Then the Dormouse shall," they both cried. And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Please do," pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie and Tillie; they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" Alice asked.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse after thinking a minute.

"They couldn't have done that," Alice said gently. "They'd have been ill."

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"So they were," said the Dormouse; "very ill."

Alice was puzzled but she went on. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?" she asked.

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice very earnestly.

"I have had nothing yet," Alice remarked in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take less," said the Hatter.

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked.

Alice did not know quite what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter and then turned to the Dormouse, repeating her question,

"Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There isn't any such thing," Alice was beginning, but the Hatter and the March Hare said, "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "Perhaps you'd better finish the story yourself."

"Oh, no, please go on!" Alice begged. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there is one."

"One indeed!" said the Dormouse scornfully. But he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters were learning to draw, you know."

"What did they draw?" asked Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse without thinking at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got a clean cup; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously, "But I don't understand; where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a well," said the Hatter, "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well."

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not noticing the Hatter.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, "well in."

This answer so puzzled Alice that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy, "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" asked the March Hare.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time and was going off in a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek and went on; "—that begins with an M, such as mouse traps and the moon and memory and muchness—you know you say things are much of a muchness,—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused. "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

"This is the queerest tea party I ever was at in my life," Alice thought to herself. "I don't believe I will stay any longer." So she got up and walked off.

The Dormouse fell asleep instantly. Neither of the others took the least notice of her going

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although she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. But they did not and the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

THE GREEDY SHEPHERD

Once upon a time there lived in the south country two brothers, Clutch and Kind, and they kept sheep on a great grassy plain.

Although they were brothers they were most unlike. Clutch thought of nothing in this world but how to catch and keep some profit for himself while Kind would have shared his last morsel with a hungry dog. For a while the brothers lived in their thatched cottage that stood low and lonely under a great sycamore tree and kept their flock with pipe and crook. Then troubles arose because of Clutch's greed.

At the shearing time nobody clipped the sheep so close as Clutch for it was good wool and brought him a high price from the traders. He left the poor sheep as bare as if they had been shaven and as soon as the wool grew long enough to keep them warm he was ready with the shears again—no matter how near the winter it was. Kind begged him not to, but still Clutch clipped

and sold, and then clipped and sold again. The shepherds about began to think him a rich man, but then a strange thing happened to his flock.

It was when the cold evenings made the shepherds put on their winter cloaks that first the ewes and then the lambs began to stray away.

Clutch blamed Kind but it was not his fault. They watched with all their might but still the straying went on. The flocks grew smaller every day and all the brothers could find out was, that the closest clipped were the first to go. Storms and the winter never stopped them from straying and when the spring came back none were left with Clutch and Kind but three old ewes, the quietest and lamest of the whole flock. They were watching those ewes one evening in the primrose time when Clutch said, "Brother, there is wool to be had on their backs."

"It is little enough to keep them warm," Kind said, thinking of the cold east wind that still blew down from the hills, but Clutch was off to fetch his wool bag and shears. Sorrowfully, Kind looked up to the hills whose far-off heights were growing crimson with the setting sun. As he looked, three creatures like sheep scoured up a cleft in one of them as fleet as any deer, and when Clutch returned with the bag not a single ewe was to be seen.

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Clutch scolded Kind roundly for so much as taking his eyes off the ewes, and things began to go very hard with the two for now they had not a single sheep and were very poor. Clutch said that they would go out and try and get service.

"I have heard," he said, "that there are great shepherds who have lived since the olden times beyond the hills. We will go and see if they will take us for sheep boys."

So one morning Clutch took his bag and shears, Kind took his pipe and his crook and away they went over the plain and up the hills. Every one who saw them thought that they had taken leave of their senses for no shepherd had gone that way for a hundred years.

Wide moorlands there were and full of rugged rocks; then a slope that seemed to go to the very sky. They took the way that the three ewes had taken but by noon they were very tired. Their feet were sore and their hearts were heavy. They sat down to rest but as they sat there, a sound of music came down the hills as sweet as if a thousand shepherds were playing on their tops.

Never in their lives had Clutch and Kind heard such music before. As they listened, the soreness passed from their feet and the heavi-

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ness from their hearts. They followed the sound up the cleft and it took them to a wide heath covered with purple bloom. At sunset they reached the hill-top and their eyes beheld a broad pasture strewn thick with violets in among the grass. Thousands of sheep were feeding here and an old man sat in the midst of them, playing on his pipe. He wore a long coat the color of holly leaves and his face was that of one who has led a quiet life and known no cares nor losses.

"Which of you can shear best?" he asked of Clutch and Kind. "I am the shepherd of the hills and I have need of you."

Clutch spoke first. "I am the closest shearer in all the plain country," he said. "You could not find so much wool as would make a thread on a sheep when I have done with it."

"You are the man I want then," said the old shepherd. "When the moon rises I will call the sheep that you are to shear." Then he invited the two to sit down by him among the violets and he gave them a supper of cakes and cheese that made them feel fit for any work.

They sat with the old man until the sun went down and the moon came up and all the snow-white sheep gathered and laid themselves down

behind him. Then he took his pipe and played a merry tune and suddenly there was heard a great howling. Up the hills came a horde of shaggy wolves with their hair so long that their eyes could scarcely be seen. Clutch was ready to flee in terror but the old shepherd said to him, "Rise, and shear." This flock of mine has too much wool."

"Good Shepherd!" cried Clutch, "I cannot shear wolves."

"They must be sheared," said the old shepherd, "or back to the plains do you go and the wolves behind you. Whichever of you can shear them will get the whole flock."

Then Clutch began to tremble and cry in terror and Kind, who wished to save his brother, picked up the shears that Clutch had thrown down in his fright and went boldly up to the nearest wolf. The wild creature was quiet at Kind's soft touch and waited patiently to be sheared. Kind clipped the wolf neatly as he had wished Clutch to clip the sheep, and he heaped up the hair on one side. When he had finished, another wolf came and Kind went on shearing by the bright moonlight until the whole flock was shorn. Then the old shepherd spoke to Kind.

"Take the wool and flock for your wages," he said, "and go home to the plain. This worthless brother of yours may return with you but only as a boy to help you tend your flock," he finished, pointing to Clutch.

Kind was not at all sure that he liked the idea of keeping wolves but at that moment they all changed into the very sheep which had so strangely strayed away. They were plumper, though, and thicker of fleece and the hair that Kind had cut off lay by his side now, a heap of wool so fine and soft that its like had never been seen on the plain.

They gathered up the wool and started home with the flock, Clutch glad enough to go along behind his brother. The old shepherd warned them that they must hurry, saying that no man must see the dawn of day on that pasture but himself for it was the ground of the fairies. So Clutch and Kind went home with great gladness. All the shepherds came to hear their wonderful story and ever after liked to keep near them because they had such good luck.

They kept the flock well after that for Clutch was grown less greedy and Kind alone used the shears.

LITTLE NELL AND MRS. JARLEY'S
WAX WORKS

It was not a shabby, dingy, dusty cart, but a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows and window-shutters of green picked out with panels of red. Neither was it a gypsy caravan for at the open door, graced by a brass knocker, sat a lady—stout and comfortable to look upon—and wearing a large bonnet trembling with bows.

She was taking tea.

The tea-things and a cold knuckle of ham were set out upon a drum that was covered with a white napkin. There, as if at the most convenient tea table in the world, sat this roving lady.

It was not until she was in the act of setting down her tea cup and looking at the pleasant fields and long yellow road beside her cart that she saw an old man and a little girl walking slowly by and watching her with longing eyes. The lady of the caravan started to gather her tea things together in the act of clearing the drum when she noticed the anxious look of the little girl. Her grandfather made no complaint, but

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he sighed as he leaned heavily upon his staff and vainly tried to see some shelter in the dusty distance.

"Come nearer," said the lady of the caravan. "Who are you?"

The child courtesied.

"Little Nell," she replied. "My grandfather has been obliged to leave the Old Curiosity Shop that he kept for many years and where he lived. We have no home now."

Mrs. Jarley, for that was the name of the lady of the caravan, looked kindly at Little Nell. She was a little creature as dainty as a fairy; her cheeks were pink with the long walk that they had taken that day and her brown hair hung in loose, long curls about her shoulders. She held the old man's hand as if to protect him and her blue eyes looked tenderly up into his wrinkled old face.

"Are you hungry, child?" asked Mrs. Jarley.

"Not very," Little Nell said, "but we are tired and we have come a long way."

"Well, hungry or not, you had better have some tea," said Mrs. Jarley and she bade them come up the steps that were at the back of the cart and sit down with her around the drum. It was too small a table for three, though, so

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they went down again and sat upon the grass, Mrs. Jarley passing the tea tray with the bread and butter, the knuckle of ham and everything.

"Eat and drink as much as you can and don't spare anything," Mrs. Jarley urged Little Nell and her grandfather.

And as they ate, this lady of the caravan, with her hands clasped behind her and her large bonnet trembling excessively, walked up and down in a stately manner, looking at the cart from the red panels to the brass knocker with a great deal of pride.

The man who drove the cart came up now with a pair of fat ponies who had been grazing in the grass by the side of the road.

Mrs. Jarley spoke in a whisper to him.

"George," she said, "would these two travelers make much difference to the horses if we took them with us?" She pointed to the old man and the little girl who had finished their supper now and were preparing to start upon their journey again on foot.

"The weight of the pair would be very slight," George replied, and Mrs. Jarley beckoned to them to get inside.

Little Nell was too happy to do more than thank Mrs. Jarley for this great kindness. She

helped to put away the tea things and by that time the horses were harnessed. The three climbed inside the cart and Mrs. Jarley shut the door and sat down upon the drum. George stowed away the steps underneath the carriage and away they went with a great noise of flapping and creaking and straining, while the brass knocker, which nobody ever knocked upon, knocked one perpetual knock of its own accord as they all jolted heavily along.

Nell looked around the caravan as they traveled slowly forward. One part of it was carpeted and had a partition to make it into a little sleeping place like a berth on a ship. The other half served for a kitchen and was fitted up with a little cook stove whose small chimney passed through the roof of the cart. It had also a larder with several chests, a great pitcher of water, a few cooking utensils, and, beside these, the walls were hung with a triangle and a couple of old tambourines. The old man fell asleep almost immediately, in the end of the cart where the kettles and saucepans were. Seeing this, Mrs. Jarley invited Little Nell to come over and sit by her. Then she brought from a corner a large roll of canvas which she spread upon the floor. It reached nearly from one end of the caravan to the other.

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"There, child," she said, "read that."

Nell read aloud in enormous black letters the sign:

"MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS."

"That is I," said the lady. "I am Mrs. Jarley."

She unfolded another sign that read:

"ONE HUNDRED FIGURES THE FULL SIZE OF
LIFE."

"THE ONLY COLLECTION OF REAL WAX WORKS
IN THE WORLD."

And

"If I knew a donkey that wouldn't go,
To see Mrs. Jarley's Wax Work Show,
Do you think I would own him?
Oh, no, no!"

When Little Nell had read all these, Mrs. Jarley rolled them up carefully again and waited to see what the child would say.

"Is it here, ma'am?" Little Nell asked at last, in great excitement.

"Why, bless you child, how could it be?" Mrs. Jarley replied. "It's gone on in the other carts

and will be exhibited the day after to-morrow. You are going to the same town and you'll see it, I dare say. I suppose you couldn't stop away if you were to try."

"I shall not be in the town I think, ma'am," said the child.

"Not there!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "Then where will you be?"

"I don't quite know," said Little Nell timidly.

"You don't mean to say that you're traveling about without knowing where you are going?" asked the lady of the caravan.

"We're poor people," replied Little Nell, "and are only wandering about. We have nothing to do. I wish we had."

"I never heard of such a thing," said the lady of the caravan. "Who'd have thought of it?"

Mrs. Jarley thought a while. Then she spoke again.

"If you really want something to do to take care of your grandfather," she said, "I could let you stop with me and the wax works. There would be plenty for you to do in the way of dusting them and taking in the tickets and showing the figures. It's Jarley's Wax Works, remember, so it's not a common offer, bear in mind. The price of admission is only six-pence, but this

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is an opportunity that may never occur again," she said as if she were speaking to an audience.

"We are very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Little Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

Presently, between jolting and napping and then jolting again it came to be morning and the caravan approached the town. Nell peeped from the window to see what kind of a place it was. It was a pretty large town with a clock tower and a weather cock. There were houses of stone, houses of red brick, houses of yellow brick, houses of lath and plaster and houses of wood, very old and with withered faces carved upon the beams and staring down into the sunny streets. Rumbling along, the caravan stopped at the building where the wax works were to be shown and Little Nell stepped down from the cart. A crowd of children stood about and admired her for they were sure that she must be a little wax doll, cunningly made and arranged by Mrs. Jarley so that she could walk.

Mrs. Jarley and George unloaded the caravan and then went to work arranging the hall. They draped it with beautiful paper festoons and then the wax figures were uncovered. They were a stupendous collection of wax dolls, as large as

people, dressed in glittering clothes, a little unsteady on their legs but with their eyes very wide open and staring with great earnestness. A crimson rope separated them from the people who would come and look at them and Little Nell was rapturous at the glorious sight of them.

Mrs. Jarley gave Little Nell a long willow wand and told her what to say about each wax figure and how to point it out. There was a Maid of Honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working on Sunday; there was a fat man, a thin man, a tall man, a short man, the wild boy of the woods, a clown and all the rest of the hundred great wax dolls. And Little Nell learned to show off Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works so well that in a couple of hours she knew all that there was to know about each one and could tell it.

The next day, Nell, seated in a little cart that was gayly trimmed with flowers, was driven through the town, throwing hand bills that told about the wax works from a basket to the sound of a drum and a trumpet. The sweetness of Little Nell and her gentle manner made a great many grown-up people decide to go and see the wax works. And a score of little boys went with

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presents of nuts and apples which they left at the wax works door.

Although she was kept busy most of the time, Little Nell found the lady of the caravan a very considerate person. She liked to be comfortable herself, and to make everybody around her comfortable. People who live in much finer places than a caravan could not have been any better cared for or more kindly treated than were Little Nell and her grandfather, who found a resting place with Mrs. Jarley and her wonderful wax dolls.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

The crops in the valley were so heavy, its hay so high, its apples so red, its grapes so blue, and its honey so rich that they were a marvel to every one, and the place was called the Treasure Valley.

It was owned by three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans were wicked men. They lived by farming, but they shot the birds and killed the good little hedgehogs. They poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and they smothered the cicadas which used to sing all

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summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out doors without paying them. It was very odd, considering how wicked they were, but the two brothers got very rich. They contrived to sell their corn when it would bring the most and they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, but never gave a penny to charity.

The youngest brother, Gluck, was very different. He was only twelve years old, fair, with blue eyes, and kind in temper to every living thing. But he had to be turnspit with only what was left over to eat and plenty of blows to go with it.

There came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the Valley. The hay was spoiled by the rain. The vines were cut to pieces by the hail. The corn was all killed by a black blight. Schwartz and Hans suddenly found themselves with nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans. "We can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one finding out."

But the brother's trade did not prosper. In

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the first place, people found the copper; and in the second place Schwartz and Hans, whenever they sold anything, would waste the money and leave little Gluck to mind the furnace.

At last they were reduced to one large drinking cup which an uncle had given to Gluck. Gluck was fond of it and would not have parted with it for the world.

It was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair so finely spun that they looked like silk, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship which surrounded a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug. When it came the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and left Gluck to pour the gold into bars when it should be ready.

Gluck looked disconsolately out of the window. It was sunset, and Gluck saw the mountain tops all crimson and purple. The river that fell in a torrent into the valley was bright in the sunlight.

"Ah," said Gluck, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

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"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a little voice close to his ear.

"Bless me!" said Gluck; "what is that?"

He looked into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "lala-lira-la," no words, only a soft running melody like that of a kettle on the boil.

Gluck ran to the furnace and uncovered the pot.

"Hello, Gluck, my boy," said the pot. "Pour me out."

So Gluck took hold of the crucible and sloped it so as to pour out the gold, but instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, and then a pair of arms, and finally, the head of his friend the mug. There stood a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high. He was dressed in a doublet of spun gold and his hair and beard fell in gold curls half way to the ground.

The little man drew himself up to his full height.

"I," he said, "am the King of the Golden River. Listen! Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain, and shall cast into the

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source of the stream three drops of holy water, for him only, shall the River turn to gold. But any one casting unholy water into the River shall be turned into a black stone!"

Then the King of the Golden River deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace, rose, trembled, and disappeared up the chimney.

He had scarcely gone when Schwartz and Hans came roaring into the house. They called for their gold and Gluck told them his story, but they did not believe a word. They beat him until their arms were tired, and then staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, Hans decided to set off for the Golden River. He got up before the sun rose, stole a cupful of holy water from the church, and started out.

It was a morning that might have made any one happy, but Hans set off at so imprudent a rate of walking that he found himself exhausted before he had scaled the first range of green and low hills. Beyond them, he found a huge glacier, excessively slippery. He dropped his basket of food and barely reached the other side.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks without a blade of grass to ease the

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foot. It was past noon and Hans was overcome with thirst.

"Three drops of water are enough," he thought, but as he raised the flask of holy water to his lips he saw a little dog lying on the rock beside him. Its tongue was out and it seemed to be dying of thirst, but as its eye moved to the flask Hans kicked the animal with his foot, and drank, and passed on. He did not know how it was but he thought that a strange shadow came suddenly across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment. Hans stooped to open his flask again, but as he did so, something moved in the path beside him. It was a little child, lying in the road, its eyes closed, and its lips parched, and burning. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed on. And a gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides.

Hans struggled on. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hills just over his head. He stopped for breath and a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw an old man lying on the rocks.

"Water," cried the old man. "I am dying."

"I have none," said Hans, but as he stepped

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over the old man's body a flash of lightning rose out of the east shaped like a sword. The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the torrent, but as he did so, he fell, and the moaning of the water rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

When Schwartz heard how Hans had stolen the holy water, he determined to manage things better, so he took some of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest who sold him some.

Like his brother, he barely scaled the glacier, and when he saw the fair child, and it moaned for water, he cried:

"Water, indeed! I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on.

Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out in his thirst:

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and he went on.

Then the sky where the sun was setting became a lake of blood, and when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire. As he cast the flask of holy water into

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the stream the moaning of the River rose wildly into the night and it gushed over

TWO BLACK STONES.

When Gluck found that Hans and Schwartz did not return, he felt very sorry, but he made up his mind to go and try his fortune.

So he went to a priest who gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it, and he started off for the mountains.

Climbing the glacier was twenty times harder for little Gluck than it had been for his brothers. He had several bad falls, and he was thirsty and tempted to drink when he saw a feeble old man coming down the path above him, leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man. "I am faint with thirst. Give me some of that water."

Gluck gave him the flask. The old man drank nearly two thirds, and Gluck went on again, and the path became easier for his feet. Blades of grass appeared upon it, the grasshoppers began chirping beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

He went on for another hour and he saw a little child lying by the roadside, crying pitously for water. Gluck was very thirsty him-

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self, but he let the child drink all the water save a few drops. The child smiled on Gluck and got up and ran down the hill. As Gluck began climbing again, he saw all kinds of sweet blossoms growing on the rocks; bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white lilies, while crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither.

But when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable. He had only a few drops of water left. He saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath. It whined piteously.

"Confound the King, and his gold, too," said Gluck, and he poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, and silky, and golden, its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling. There stood Gluck's old friend, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the little King.

Then he stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew.

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"Cast these into the river," he said, "and go down on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley."

As he spoke, the dwarf disappeared.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the river and dropped in the three drops of dew. Then he went down the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley as the dwarf had bade him. And when he came in sight of it, behold, a Golden River was flowing in many streams among the dry heaps of sand.

Fresh grass sprang beside it, and creeping plants grew; young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast shadows over the valley as they grew. So the Treasure Valley became a garden again.

Gluck went and lived in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door. His barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the River had, according to the King's promise, become a River of Gold.

THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED THE SPRING

There came once a little Elf Boy to live on this earth, and he was so much pleased with it that he stayed, never caring to go back to his own world. I do not know where his own world was, or just how he came to leave it. Some thought that he was dropped by accident from some falling star, and some that he had flown away, thinking that he could fly back again whenever he chose, not knowing that children always lose their wings when they come into this world. But no one knew certainly, as he never told any one. And, after all, it did not matter since he liked the earth so much.

There was a Hermit who lived in the valley where the Elf Boy had first come and, as he had a room in his house for a visitor, he took him in and they grew to like each other so much that the Hermit did not care to have him go. He had not always been a Hermit. The reason that he had become so was because his own little boy had died and it had seemed to him that there was nothing worth living for after that. So he had moved to the lonely valley and might have

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spent the rest of his life by himself if it had not been for the little Elf Boy.

It was a very lovely valley with great green meadows that sloped down to a rippling brook, and in summer it was full of red and white and yellow blossoms. Over the brook there hung green trees whose roots made pleasant places to rest when one was tired; and all along the water's edge there grew blue flowers, while many little frogs and other live creatures played there. It was summer-time when the little Elf Boy came and the flowers and the trees and the brook and the frogs made him very happy. I think that in the world from which he came he did not have such things; it was made chiefly of gold and silver and precious stones instead of things that grow and keep one company. So the Elf Boy was very happy. The only thing he could not understand was how the Hermit could be so sorrowful in the midst of such loveliness and why he did not patiently wait for his little child who had died to come back to him again.

So the summer went merrily on, and the Elf Boy learned to know the names of all the flowers in the meadow. He also became so well acquainted with the birds that they would come to him for crumbs and sit on the branches close by to sing to him.

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But when September came there began to be a sad change. The birds began to disappear from the meadows. The Hermit told the Elf Boy that they had only gone south and would return, and this the Elf Boy readily believed but, at the same time, the flowers began to disappear too. They had died, the Hermit said, and in that way the Elf Boy came to understand what that meant. The mornings grew colder and the leaves grew red and yellow instead of green. The Elf Boy thought these very pretty but when they began to fall he was sad indeed. At last there came a day when every limb was bare and then the Elf Boy was almost broken hearted.

One morning, later in the fall, he went out early to see what new and dreadful thing had happened. He made his way toward the brook but when he reached the place where he usually heard it calling to him as it ran merrily over the stones, he could not hear a sound. He stopped and listened but everything was strangely still. Then he ran as fast as his little feet could carry him to the edge of the brook. Sure enough, it had stopped running. It was covered with a hard sheet of ice.

The Elf Boy turned and went to the Hermit's house, the tears running down his cheeks.

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"The brook is dead," he said.

"I think not," said the Hermit. "It is frozen over but that will not hurt it. Be patient and it will sing to you again."

"No," said the Elf Boy. "You told me that the birds would come back and they have not come. You told me that the trees were not dead, but their leaves have every one gone and I am sure they are. You told me that the flowers had seeds that would make other flowers but I cannot find them and even the grass is not green any more. It is a dead world. I don't see how any one can be happy."

The next time they went for a walk over the hill to the village the Elf Boy was very curious to know whether the same thing had happened there. Of course it had; the trees there were bare and the flowers were all gone from the door yards. The Elf Boy expected that every one there would be as sorrowful as he but he was quite surprised to see that they were looking as cheerful as ever. Some boys were playing at a street corner as merrily as possible.

"How can you play?" asked the Elf Boy, "when the whole world has died?"

Then the boys in the street laughed and went right on with their playing, seeing that the little

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Elf Boy was a stranger in the world who could not understand things even if they should try to explain them.

So the weeks went by. One day in March, as the Hermit and the Elf Boy sat indoors, drops of water began to fall from the eaves of the roof and the snow, that had covered the earth like a shroud all winter began to melt in the sunshine.

"Do you want to take a little walk down toward the brook?" asked the Hermit. "I may be able to prove to you to-day that it has not forgotten how to sing to you."

"Yes," said the Elf Boy although he did not think that the Hermit could be right. It was months since he had cared to visit the brook; it had made him sad to find it still and cold.

When they reached the foot of the hillside the sheet of ice was still there as he had expected.

"Never mind," said the Hermit. "Come out on the ice with me and put down your ear and listen."

So the Elf Boy put down his ear and listened and he heard, as plainly as though there were no ice between, the voice of the brook gurgling in the bottom of its bed.

The Elf Boy did not know quite what to think but he waited day after day to see if anything

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else would happen and wonderful things did happen all the time. The brook sang more and more distinctly and at last broke through its cold coverlet and went dancing along in full sight. One morning the Elf Boy heard a chirping sound and, looking from his window, saw a red robin outside asking for breakfast.

"Why," cried the Elf Boy, "have you really come back?"

"Certainly," said the robin, "don't you know that it is almost spring?"

But the Elf Boy did not understand what he said.

There was a pussy willow growing by the brook and the Elf Boy's next discovery was that hundreds of little gray buds were coming out. He watched them grow larger from day to day and while he was doing this, where the sun shone warmest in the meadow, new blades of grass came up into the daylight and they were greener than anything the Elf Boy had ever seen.

Then the pink buds came on the maple trees and unfolded day by day. And the fruit trees in the Hermit's orchard were as white with blossoms as they had lately been with snow. Last of all came the wild flowers—blue and white violets near the brook, dandelions around the house

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and, a little later, yellow buttercups all over the meadow.

The Elf Boy was wild with joy. One by one his old friends came back and he could not bear to stay in the house from morning until night. He knew now what the Hermit had meant by saying, "Be patient," and he wondered how, in so beautiful a world, the Hermit could be still sorrowful.

One morning the church bells in the village rang so much longer and more loudly than usual that the Elf Boy asked the Hermit why they did so.

"It is Easter Day," the Hermit replied. "The village people celebrate it on one Sunday every spring."

"May we not go also?" asked the Elf Boy and the Hermit said that he would take him.

The village glowed with flowers. Every one who passed along the street either wore flowers or carried them in his hand. The people were all entering the churchyard and the graves which had looked so gray and cold when the Hermit and the Elf Boy had last seen them were beautiful now with flowers that had been planted and strewn over them for Easter.

The people all passed into the church. But

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the Hermit and the Elf Boy, who never went where there was a crowd, stayed outside where the humming birds and bees were flying happily among the flowers. Suddenly there came from the church a burst of music. To the Elf Boy it seemed the most beautiful sound that he had ever heard. He put his finger on his lip to show the Hermit that he wanted to listen. These were the words they sang:

"I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

The Elf Boy took hold of the Hermit's hand and led him to the church door that they might hear still better. He was very happy.

"Oh," he cried. "I do not believe that anything ever really dies."

The Hermit looked down at him and smiled. "Perhaps not," he said.

When the music began again a strange thing happened. The Hermit sang the Easter song with the others. It was the first time he had sung for many years.

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WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

In a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyreich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up towards the street and through it Martin could just see the passersby. It is true he could see little more than their boots, but few indeed were the boots in that neighborhood that had not passed through his hands at one time or another.

While Martin was still a journeyman his wife had died; but she had left him a little boy—three years old. Then, no sooner had the little one begun to grow up to be a help and joy to his father, than a sickness fell upon him and he died. And Martin became so despairing that he began to murmur against God.

And, lo! One day there came to Avdyreich an aged peasant-pilgrim and the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. How shall we judge the doings of God? It is because thou wouldst fain have lived for thine own delight that thou dost now despair."

"But what is a man to live for?" Martin asked.

And the old man answered, "For God, Mar-

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tin. He gave thee life and for Him must thou live. Then thou wilt grieve about nothing more, and all things will come easy to thee."

These words were strange to Martin but he began to read his Bible and the more he read, the more clearly he understood what God wanted of him and his heart grew lighter every day. His life now became quiet and joyful. With the morning light he sat down to his work, worked out his time, then took down his lamp from the hook and his book from the shelf and sat him down to read.

It happened once that Martin was up reading until very late. And he read all about how a woman anointed the feet of Christ and washed them with her tears and how He was pleased. And Martin took off his glasses and laid them on the book, and fell a-thinking.

"I am always thinking about myself," he said to himself, "of drinking tea and keeping myself warm and cozy without thinking who is the guest."

"Martin!"—it was as the voice of some one close to his ear.

Martin started from his thinking. "Who's there?"

He turned round, he gazed at the door, but

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there was no one. He dozed off then but suddenly he heard it again quite plainly. "Martin, Martin! Look to-morrow in the street. I am coming."

Martin rose from his chair and began to rub his eyes. He did not know whether he was asleep or awake but the words did not come again so he turned down the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning he looked as much at the window as at his work. Once there passed close by an old soldier, a veteran he was, but in tattered boots and with a shovel in his hands. The old soldier was called Stepannich and lived with a neighbor who sheltered him out of charity. He stopped before Martin's window to sweep away the snow.

"I'm not growing wiser as I grow older," thought Martin. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and, lo! 'tis only Stepannich clearing away the snow. The old man is very much broken. He has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. The samovar is just on the boil. Suppose I make him drink a little tea." Martin put down his awl, got up, and tapped on the window. Then he beckoned to Stepannich and opened the door.

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"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. And he filled two cups with tea and gave one to his guest.

Stepannich drank his cup, turned it upside down and said, "Thank you." It was quite plain that he wanted some more.

So Martin poured him out a fresh cup, but all the time he was looking out of the window.

"Dost thou expect any one?" asked his guest.

"I am expecting and I am not expecting," said Martin. "Hast thou heard of our little Father Christ, how He once came on earth?"

"I have heard," said Stepannich.

"I was reading of it last night," Martin explained, "and a voice whispered at my very ear 'Look out to-morrow,' it said. 'I am coming.' I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father Christ."

Stepannich said nothing but only shook his head and drank his tea dry.

"Drink some more. 'Twill do thee good," Martin said and Stepannich drank until he was filled.

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyreich," he said as he departed.

"You will show me a kindness by coming again," Martin said as he sat down again by the

window. He had some back stitching to do, but he was watching for Christ and he could think of nothing but His coming.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental boots, the other in boots of Martin's own making. A baker with a basket also passed by. Then there came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and russet shoes. Martin saw that she was a stranger. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind; she had a child in her arms and she tried to wrap it up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. The woman wore summer clothes and thin enough they were. Martin heard the child crying and the woman trying to comfort it but she could not. Then he got up, went out of the door and on to the steps and spoke to her:

"Come inside," he cried. "This way!"

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose, but she came towards him. They went down the steps together—they went into the room.

"There," said Martin, "sit down near the stove and warm thyself and the little one."

He went to the table, and spread out some bread and soup. "Have some food," said he.

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The woman sat down at the table and began to eat and Martin held the child and played with it. She told him when her hunger was satisfied how her husband was a soldier and away at the war, and she was living with her landlady but had very little beside that shelter.

"Have you no warm clothes?" Martin asked.

"I sold my shawl yesterday for a few cents," she replied.

Martin went to the wall cupboard, rummaged about a bit and then brought back with him an old jacket.

"Look," said he, "'tis a shabby one, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the old jacket, then she gazed at the old man and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping with her joy.

"Take these," said Martin, giving her two pieces of money, "and buy back your shawl," and she could scarcely speak her thanks as he led her to the door.

After the woman had gone Martin took his place again by the window and worked on and on, but his eyes turned often toward the street. Presently the window was darkened and he saw an old woman, a huckster, who had taken her stand there. She carried a basket of apples and

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as she set it down a boy in a ragged cap turned up and, grabbing at one of the apples, would have run away with it. But the wary old woman turned quickly around and caught him, striking him.

"I didn't take it," cried the boy. "Why do you beat me? Let me go!"

Martin ran out in the street and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm. "Let him go, little mother!" he cried. "Forgive him."

The old woman let him go. The lad would have run off, but Martin held him fast.

"Beg the little mother's pardon," he said. "I saw what thee did. And don't do such things any more."

Then the lad began to cry and begged her pardon.

"Well, that's all right! And now, there's an apple for thee." Martin took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay thee for it," he said to the old woman.

"Boys will be boys, I suppose," said the old woman, her anger gone at Martin's kindness. She was just about to shoulder her heavy basket when the lad rushed forward and said:

"Give it here and I'll carry it for thee, granny. It's all in my way."

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Martin followed them with his eyes until they were out of sight, found his glasses and his awl on the steps where he had dropped them and sat down to work again. He worked for a little while and then he could scarcely see the stitches. He put away his tools, swept up the cuttings, put away the awl, trimmed and lighted his little lamp and took down his Bible from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had, last evening, placed a strip of leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place. And just as he opened the book he remembered his dream of yesterday evening.

And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Martin glanced round and saw that some one was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, some one was really there, but, who, he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

“Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?”

“Who art thou?” he cried.

“’Tis I,” cried the voice, “lo, ’tis I!” And forth from the dark corner stepped Stepannich. He smiled. It was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Martin was glad. He put on his glasses and began to read at the place where he had opened. And at the top of the page he read these words:

"And I was an hungered and thirsty and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page Martin read: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Martin understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that Christ had really come to him that day, and that he had really received Him.

STORIES THAT TRAIN THE IMAGINATION

THE CAT

IT was Christmas Eve and two poor people, a cottager and his wife, were wandering about the snowy countryside.

They were very poor indeed. They had no Christmas pudding nor any pot in which to put a pudding nor any fire over which to boil it or any house in which to build a fire. If they could have had only a little house it is quite possible that they would have been able to keep a few coals burning and hang a pot over these and stir up a small pudding for the pot.

Having none of these they were indeed very, very poor.

What they longed for most of all was a cottage, no matter how small. Four walls, between which they could light a few dry sticks and sit beside the hearth and chat together, would have made them happier than anything else in the world.

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As they walked along the high road, hand in hand, and trying to comfort each other they met a stray cat who mewed to them and asked their friendship. Such a lean, poor cat as it was! It was not much more than skin and bone and it had almost no hairs upon its skin. If it had been a sleek, well fatted cat it would very likely have been strong enough to catch mice but this was not possible in its present state. It was indeed very, very poor.

The poor are always willing to help and be kind to each other. They took the cat with them and gave it a scrap or two of meat that had been given them in charity. The cat purred gratefully and started off, leading them through the darkness of the night until they came to a small empty cottage.

A ray of moonlight that crept in at the window served them for a candle and showed them a black hearth without any fire and two stools, side by side, in front of it. They looked about for the cat but it was nowhere to be seen so they sat down, side by side, upon the stools in front of the black hearth and stretched out their hands that were so cold.

"If we had only two coals, even," said the woman wistfully.

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"Yes, two would be quite enough," said the man.

As they said that a strange thing happened. From out the dark hearth there shone two bright embers, as yellow as gold and as warmth giving as the sunshine.

"It is our Christmas gift," exclaimed the woman,

"From the Christ Child who has marked our need," said the man joyfully. "I will blow and make the embers burn more brightly so as to light the whole fire," he added.

"Oh, no! It is not necessary to do that and it would make them burn out too fast," begged the woman. "Two coals are quite enough. Only feel how warm my hands are, and yours are quite as warm!"

So they began talking together of what a pleasant Christmas it was for them because of this beautiful gift of a fire and they felt, each moment, warmer and happier. They sat there before the hearth all the night long and each moment they realized more and more that the fire had been sent to them by a miracle, for it filled the cottage with its warmth and glow; yet it was only two coals that never burned out.

Then it was Christmas morning and the ray

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of moonlight that had come in through the window gave place to the first bright rays of the Christmas sun. The cottage was still warm and comfortable and they saw spread out upon a table a great number of Christmas gifts for them; woolen clothing and a Christmas pudding full of plums and enough gold and silver pieces to keep them for the rest of their days. They did not know what to think or what to say and they turned again to the fire of two coals beside which they had sat all the night.

But they saw only the poor cat to whom they had been kind sitting there and looking up at them with her two yellow eyes. It had been the light from the cat's eyes that had kept them so warm and happy.

THE TOAD

The Toad family lived in the well.

The well was deep and the sun could never get down to reflect itself in the water, however high it was. The Mother Toad had once traveled, had been in the bucket when it went up, but she found the light too strong for her on the bank and she fell back with a frightful splash into the water. She couldn't tell very

much about the world up there but she knew that the well was not the whole world.

"Thick and ugly and horrid and fat she is!" the young green frogs who lived on the bank had said: "Your children must be just as ugly."

"That may be so," said the Mother Toad, "but one of them has a jewel in its head or else I have it myself."

The smallest Toad was just as ugly as he could be.

"What is a jewel?" he asked one day of the Mother Toad.

"It is something so splendid and precious that I cannot describe it," said the Mother Toad. "Don't ask; I can't answer."

"Well, I have not got the jewel," the smallest Toad decided. "How could I have such a grand thing? No; but I wish that I might come up to the edge of the well some time to look out. It must be charming there."

It had such a desire to get up to the edge of the well; it felt such a longing after the green things up there. And when, next morning, the bucket filled with water was drawn up and stopped for a moment just by the stone upon which the smallest Toad sat, it jumped into the bucket and went up and was emptied out.

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"It is the ugliest thing that I have ever seen," said the man who had drawn up the bucket and he kicked the Toad with his wooden shoe, almost crippling it, but it escaped by getting in amongst the stinging nettles. It crawled as fast as it could and came out on the road where the sun shone and the dust powdered it as it marched across.

"I have come so far; I may as well go farther," it thought and it came to the ditch. The forget-me-nots grew here and the meadow sweet. Yonder flew a butterfly. The Toad thought that the butterfly was a flower which had broken loose, the better to look about the world.

"If I could only get along like that," thought the Toad, "oh, how delightful it would be!"

It stayed in the ditch for eight days and nights. The ninth day it thought, "Farther on now, though what more beautiful could be found," and so it set out again on its wanderings. It came into the field to a big pond with sedges round it, and it made its way into these.

"You are welcome here," said the frogs who lived there, "although it is hard telling who you are because of your ugliness." And so the Toad was invited to a concert in the evening, a family concert, and it had a very fine time indeed.

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"Now I shall travel farther," said the little Toad when the concert was over. It was always craving for something better. It saw the stars twinkle, so big and clear. It saw the new moon shine. It saw the sun rise, higher and higher.

"How big it is and how beaming," the poor little creature thought. "I have such a brightness in my head. I don't believe the jewel can shine brighter; but I haven't got it and I am not going to cry for it. I must just keep going forward no matter how many steps I have to take—right out on the highway."

And it stepped out, as well as such a little, crawling creature can, and there it was on the highway where people lived. It rested beside a kitchen garden.

"How big and blessed the world is," thought the Toad, "but I must look about in it and not remain sitting in one place," and so it hopped right into the kitchen garden. *Chick, chick* was heard and the fowls came tripping into the garden. The little Toad became frightened and it crawled up close to a hen.

"Look at that crawler!" said the hen, "I don't care to eat such a small green mouthful; it would only tickle my throat." The other fowls

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were of the same opinion and so they went away.

The little Toad went up to a green caterpillar that sat upon a cabbage leaf and told how it had driven away the hens with its ugliness.

"You *are* very unpleasant to look at," replied the caterpillar, "I shall have to get higher up on this stalk to get away from you," and he, too, turned away.

"Yes, higher up," said the little Toad, and it looked up as high as it could. The stork stood beside his nest on the farmer's roof. He chattered and the mother stork chattered. "How high up they live!" thought the Toad, "if one could only get up there."

The mother stork was speaking in her nest about the land of Egypt, about the green waters of the Nile and about all the splendid mud that there was in foreign lands. It sounded quite new and charming to the little Toad.

"I must go to Egypt," it said. "I wish the old stork would take me there with him or perhaps one of the young storks could be persuaded to when he learns to fly. If he would, I would do something for him on his wedding day. "Yes, I am sure that I shall get to Egypt if I am lucky. All the longing and desire which I have

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is much better than having a jewel in one's head."

At that moment came the stork. He had seen the toad in the grass and he swooped down and took hold of the little creature, not altogether gently. The stork's great bill pinched, the wind whistled, it was not pleasant but upward they went—to Egypt the little Toad thought. And so its eyes shone as if a spark flew out of them.

Quack—ack!

The body of the Toad was dead.

But the spark from his eyes; oh, what became of that? The little Toad just had the jewel. Its longing and desire to go upwards, always upwards, this shone within it, shone in gladness and beamed like a precious stone.

A sunbeam took the jewel from the head of the little Toad and carried it—whither?

Look for it in the sun, see it there if you can. The splendor is very strong. We have not yet got the eyes to look into all the glories that God has created but some day we shall get them. And that will be the loveliest story for we shall be in it ourselves.

THE FROG PRINCE

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when what one wished for sometimes came true, there was a King who had three daughters. They were all beautiful but the youngest was so pretty that the sun himself, who shines all over the world and sees everything that is to be seen, wondered whenever he looked at her how she ever came to be so fair.

Near the castle there was a deep, green forest and in the forest under a linden tree there was a well. When the day was very warm the youngest Princess used to go into the forest and sit beside the well and if the hours seemed long she would take a little gold ball from a silken bag that she carried by her side and throw it up and catch it again.

It happened one day that the golden ball instead of falling back into the little maiden's hand fell to the ground near the edge of the well and rolled in. She watched it as it sank but the well was so very deep that she could not see the bottom. Then she began to cry and she cried as if she could never be comforted. And in the midst of her crying she heard a voice coming from the water,

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"What is the matter, pretty little Princess?" it said, but when she looked to see who it was there was only a frog sticking his thick, ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, it cannot concern you, old croaker," replied the Princess. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Never mind. Do not cry," said the frog. "I can get your golden ball for you but what will you give me if I fetch it up?"

"Anything you wish, dear frog," she said. "You shall have one of my silken gowns, my pearls and diamonds or even this golden crown that I wear."

"What would I do with your clothes, your pearls and diamonds or your golden crown?" asked the frog. "But if you would only love me and have me for your companion and playfellow and let me sit by you at table and eat from your silver plate and drink from your silver cup—if you would promise me all this—then I would dive below this deep water and fetch you your golden ball."

"Oh, yes indeed, I promise," said the little Princess but all the time she was thinking to herself, "It is all nonsense that he is talking. He never can do anything but sit in the water

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and croak to the other frogs. He could never be my companion."

But as soon as the frog had heard the Princess make her promise, he drew his head under the water and sank out of sight. In a little while he came to the surface again with the golden ball in his mouth and he tossed it to her on the grass.

The Princess clapped her hands and caught it up and ran off.

"Wait, oh wait!" called the frog. "You will have to carry me. I cannot run as fast as that."

But it was of no use for him to call after her. The Princess would not listen to him. She would not even turn her head to look at him. She made haste back to the castle and the frog was obliged to go back to his well again.

The very next day when the Princess was sitting at table with the King and all the court and eating from her silver plate there came little steps, *pitter, patter, pitter, patter*, up the marble stairs and then there came a knocking at the door and a voice that said, "Little Princess, little Princess, let me in!"

So she got up and ran to the door to see who it could be and there was the frog sitting out-

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side. Oh, she shut the door very quickly and went back to the table feeling uneasy. The King noticed that something seemed to be troubling her.

"My child, are you afraid of something?" he asked. "Who is outside, knocking upon the door?"

"A horrid frog, father," she replied.

"And does the frog want anything of you?" the King asked.

Then the Princess felt that she must explain to her father,

"My dear father," she said, "I was sitting by the well yesterday and playing with my golden ball when it fell into the water and I began to cry at losing it. Then an ugly frog to whom I told my trouble fetched it up to me again on the condition that I would be his companion. I never thought that he meant it. Now he has left the water and waits outside the door to come in to me."

Then every one heard more knocking and a voice calling,

"Little King's daughter,
Open I say,
Little King's daughter,
A promise must pay."

"When one makes a promise one must always keep it," said the King. "Especially must a Princess keep her promise. Go now and open the door and let the frog in."

So she went and opened the door and the frog hopped in, right at her heels and looking more ugly if that were possible than when he had been in the well. He kept close to her until she reached her chair and then he said, "Lift me up that I may sit by you."

The little Princess did not want to touch the slimy coat of the frog but the King commanded her and when once the frog was on her chair, beside her, he said, "Please push your silver plate a little nearer so that we may eat from it together."

And the little Princess did so, although it took away all her appetite. The frog did not lose his. His manners were very bad but he feasted heartily and seemed to enjoy every bite.

"Now I have eaten enough," he said at last, "and it is time for me to go up to your room for I am going to live there with you and be your playfellow and companion."

Then the little Princess began to cry for she did not want the cold frog so near her and she was afraid that nothing would satisfy him but to

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sleep in her pretty, clean bed. The King grew very stern with her at that.

"A promise that you make in your time of need must be kept," he said.

So she picked up the frog with finger and thumb and held him at arm's length. She carried him upstairs and set him down in a corner of her room. And when it was night and she had lain down to sleep, he came creeping up close to her. "I am cold and sleepy too," he said.

Then the little Princess fell into a passion but she picked up the ugly frog.

As she did so, he ceased to be a frog and became at that very moment a little Prince with kind eyes.

Then he told the little Princess how a wicked witch had bound him by her spells and how no one but she alone could have released him and now they would go for a visit to his own beautiful kingdom. And there came to the door a carriage drawn by eight white horses with white plumes on their heads and behind the carriage was standing faithful Henry, the servant of the young Prince.

Henry had suffered such sorrow when his master was turned into a frog that he had been

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obliged to wear an iron band over his heart to keep it from breaking into bits. Now the carriage started to take the Prince to his kingdom and faithful Henry, having helped the Prince and the Princess in, got up behind full of joy.

And when they had gone part of the way they heard a noise at the back of the carriage as if something had broken.

"Is the wheel breaking?" the Prince asked but Henry laughed and replied,

" 'Tis the band burst apart
That, to lessen its ache
When I grieved for your sake,
I bound round my heart."

And it came to pass, when they were grown up, the Prince and Princess became bridegroom and bride and were always very happy.

THUMBELINA

The flower opened with a loud crack!

It was a real tulip, as one could see, but in the middle of the flower there sat upon the green stamens a little maiden delicate and graceful to behold. She was scarcely half a thumb's length in height and so she was called Thumbelina.

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A neat, polished walnut shell served Thumbelina for a cradle, blue violet leaves were her mattress with a rose leaf for a quilt. There she slept at night and the whole summer long she played alone in the great wood. She ate the honey out of the flowers and drank of the dew that stood every morning in the leaves. And she also sang, so delicately and sweetly that the like had never been heard before.

So the summer and the autumn passed and now came winter—the cold, long winter. All the birds flew away and the burdock leaf under which Thumbelina had lived shriveled. She was dreadfully cold for her clothes were torn and she, herself, was so frail and delicate. It began to snow and every snowflake that fell on her was like a shovelful thrown on us for we are tall and she was only an inch high.

Close to the wood lay a great corn field but the corn was gone long ago; only the dry stubble stood up out of the grozen ground. It was just like a great forest for Thumbelina to wander through and, oh, she was nearly frozen. Then she arrived at the door of a Field Mouse. This mouse had a little hole under the stubble. There the Field Mouse lived, warm and comfortable, and had a cozy kitchen and larder full

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of corn. Poor Thumbelina stood at the Field Mouse's door and begged for a bit of barley-corn for she had not eaten for two days.

"Come in and dine with me," said the mouse for after all she was a good old Field Mouse. "You may stay with me through the winter, but you must keep my rooms neat and clean and tell me stories."

And Thumbelina did as the Field Mouse told her and she had a very good time.

But one day a Mole came to call. He paid his visit in his black velvet coat and the Field Mouse told Thumbelina how rich he was and that his house was twenty times larger than hers, but he did not like the sun and the beautiful flowers for he had never seen them.

"But if you could only get him for your husband," the Field Mouse said to Thumbelina, "you would be well provided for."

Thumbelina did not care about this. Then the Mole fell in love with her because of her delicious voice, but he said nothing for he was a sedate man. He dug a long passage from his own house to theirs and he invited Thumbelina and the Field Mouse to walk in this passage as much as they wished.

The Mole took a bit of decayed wood in his

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mouth for this glimmers like fire in the dark. Then he went first and lighted them through the long, dark passage. Then they came to one of his rooms and in the middle of the floor lay a dead Swallow, his beautiful wings pressed close to his sides and his head and feet drawn in under his feathers. The Swallow had certainly died of cold and fallen in there.

Thumbelina was sorry but the Mole gave the Swallow a push with his short legs and said, "What use is he now; he doesn't pipe any more? A bird deserves to starve in the winter."

"That is spoken like a sensible man," observed the Field Mouse. "A bird is of no value; let him starve."

Thumbelina said nothing but when the two turned their backs on the bird, she kneeled down, put the feathers aside that covered his head and kissed his closed eyes. And that night Thumbelina could not sleep at all. She got up and wove a large, beautiful carpet out of hay and carried it through the dark passage and spread it over the dead bird so that he might lie warm on the frozen ground. And then she laid her pretty head upon the bird's breast.

"Thank you, dear Swallow, for your song in the summer," Thumbelina said, but then she

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stopped, quite startled, for it felt as if something were beating inside the Swallow. That was his heart. The Swallow was not dead; he was only lying there asleep with the cold. Now he had been warmed and he was coming back to life again.

Thumbelina trembled for the Swallow was very, very large compared with her. But she took courage and brought a leaf of mint that she had used as her own coverlet and laid it over his head. The next night she crept out to him again—and now he was alive, but quite weak. He could only open his eyes for a moment and look at Thumbelina who stood before him with a bit of decayed wood in her hand for a lantern.

“I thank you, pretty child,” said the Swallow. “Soon I shall get my strength back and be able to fly about in the warm sunshine.”

“Oh, don’t do that,” cried Thumbelina. “It is still cold without. Stay here and I will nurse you.”

Then she brought the Swallow water in the petal of a flower and the Swallow drank and told her how he had torn one of his wings on a thorn bush and had not been able to fly south with the other Swallows. He had fallen to the

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ground and that was all he could remember until she had warmed him.

The whole winter Thumbelina nursed the Swallow and neither the Field Mouse nor the Mole knew anything about it for they had no pity for the Swallow. Soon the spring came and Thumbelina made a hole in the ceiling of the Mole's room through which the sun shone in gloriously. The Swallow bade Thumbelina farewell and flew out through it into the sunshine.

"Tweet, tweet," it sang as it flew to the green forest and Thumbelina looked after it with tears in her eyes for she had grown fond of the Swallow.

"Now you must work at your outfit, this summer," the Field Mouse said to Thumbelina, for the Mole in the velvet coat was going to marry her. "You shall have wool and linen clothes both; you will lack nothing when you become the Mole's wife."

The Mole hired four spiders to spin and weave for her day and night and every evening he paid her a visit. He was always saying that when the bright, hot summer was gone it would be cold and dark enough for his wedding day with Thumbelina. But she was very

unhappy for she did not like the tiresome, blind old Mole. And when the wind blew the corn ears apart so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was out there and she wished that she might see her dear Swallow again, but he never came back.

When the next autumn came on Thumbelina had her outfit ready.

"In four weeks you shall celebrate your wedding," declared the Field Mouse.

But Thumbelina cried and said that she could not marry the Mole.

"Don't be obstinate," cried the Field Mouse, "or I will bite you with my sharp, white teeth. He is a very fine man to marry; the King himself has not such black velvet as that in his coat, and his kitchen and cellar are full."

And the old Mole came to fetch Thumbelina. She was to keep house for him deep under the earth and never come up into the sunshine for he did not like it. Thumbelina was very sorrowful. She stood on the threshold of the Field Mouse's house.

"Good-by, dear sun," she said and stretched her tiny white arms up toward it.

"*Tweet, tweet,*" suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up; it was the Swallow who

was just flying by and Thumbelina told him how she was to marry the old Mole and live deep under the earth where there was no sun.

"Will you come with me?" asked the Swallow. "I am going far away into the warm countries. You can sit on my back, only tie yourself fast with your sash, and we will fly to the places where it is always summer. Oh, fly with me, dear little Thumbelina, who saved my life."

So Thumbelina seated herself upon the Swallow's back and tied her sash to one of his strongest feathers and he rose up into the air on his strong wings, over the mountains and forests and seas.

Then they came to the warm countries and the sky seemed twice as blue and on the vines grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes. The air was fragrant with myrtles and balsams, and butterflies flew over all the roads.

"Here is my house," said the Swallow as he flew into a nest in one of the pillars of an old white marble palace, "but I will put you inside one of those splendid flowers that grow down by that blue lake."

So the Swallow flew down with Thumbelina. Oh, how great was the little maid's surprise! There sat a little man in the midst of the flower,

as white and transparent as if he had been made of glass. He wore the daintiest of gold crowns upon his head and the brightest wings on his shoulders. He was no bigger than Thumbelina. He was the angel of the flower.

And when he saw Thumbelina he became very glad; she was the prettiest maiden he had ever seen. He asked her name and took off his golden crown and put it upon her little head. He said that she should be the queen of all the flowers.

Then out of every flower came a little lady or a little lord, so dainty that to behold them was a delight and each one brought Thumbelina a present. But the best gift of all was a pair of beautiful wings that had once belonged to a white butterfly and when these were fastened to Thumbelina's back she could fly from flower to flower.

The Swallow sat above them in his nest and sang as well as he could. Then he flew away again and all over the world, stopping at all the windows to say, "*Tweet, tweet,*" and from him we have the whole story.

THE LITTLE COWHERD BROTHER

Now Gopala was five years old and it was time for him to go to school in the village that lay beyond the forest on the edge of which he lived.

It was a long way through the forest and to the village; Gopala would see the women sitting by the edge of the road and grinding corn as yellow as gold between great stones. He would meet the dairy man carrying great pails of curds hung from a yoke over his shoulders. He would see bright flowers and then, before he reached the school, he would have to pass through the deep, green woods where the trees stood too closely together for him to be able to see the sunshine.

Gopala's mother was poor but she had worked very hard to earn him a new tunic made of fine linen to wear when he first went to school. His mother had woven him a mat, also, upon which to sit when he learned his letters in the school, for they had no desks. He carried two palm leaves upon which he would write and some pens made of reeds.

So Gopala started for school.

He was so glad to go that the way did not

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seem long. He was good and studious in school and afterward he played for a while with the other little boys in the village. Then it was dark and Gopala, going home through the forest, thought that the trees were moving about and changing places so as to confuse him in finding his way and he was afraid. He ran and ran, crying, "Mother!" But just when he could not run any farther he heard a voice calling to him, "Gopala! Gopala!"

It was his mother come to meet him through the darkness and so he was not afraid any longer.

But when the next morning came Gopala was again frightened as he thought about going through the forest alone, and he told his mother that he could not go to school. This made his mother feel very sorrowful because she wished him to grow up a wise man. Some of the children had servants who walked with them through the forest but Gopala's mother was too poor to pay for some one to walk with Gopala. She did not know what to do until, at last, she thought of the Child Krishna to whom she prayed and who it was said walked through the forest in various forms. Perhaps the Child Krishna would take care of Gopala, she thought.

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"Do not be afraid, Gopala," his mother said. "In the forest you have a little Cowherd Brother. Call out to him and perhaps he will hear you and walk with you all the way to school."

So Gopala became suddenly quite joyous again and he started for school. When he came to the shadowy places in the forest, he called out as loudly as he could.

"My little Cowherd Brother! Oh, my little Cowherd Brother, come and walk with me!"

And as soon as he had spoken the words the leaves and grasses parted and a tall, beautiful boy stood before him. He wore a gold crown and in it a peacock's feather and he carried a flute upon which he played. He took Gopala's hand and they played together and he walked with Gopala all the way to school.

When it was evening, the Cowherd Brother was waiting for Gopala at the edge of the forest and he walked with him until Gopala was in sight of home. Morning and evening and then morning and evening again he walked with Gopala and each time he took away all Gopala's fear. Gopala told his mother about how much he loved his Cowherd Brother and what good times they had together. It pleased his mother

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but it did not surprise her in the least. She had felt sure that the Child Krishna would comfort another child.

One day after Gopala had been at school for some time the teacher said that he was going to give a party. This was as much as to tell each child to bring a present, for in that far away land the school teachers were not paid. They had to depend for their living upon what gifts were made them by the parents of the little ones whom they taught. To think of the party at the school worried little Gopala. The other children would bring beautiful gifts, he knew, because many of them had rich parents. They would bring bright silks and rich fruits and grain and money. What could he bring, Gopala wondered, to the school teacher whom he had grown to love so dearly?

That was what Gopala's mother wondered too when he told her that there was to be a party at the school. She had nothing in the house to give away for she was poorer than ever just then. She thought, at last, of the Child Krishna. Perhaps he would help them. She spoke to Gopala.

"To-morrow morning on your way to school you must speak to your little Cowherd Brother

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about this," she said. "Perhaps he will help us."

The next morning the two, Gopala and his little Cowherd Brother, walked and played together as usual but when they had almost reached the school Gopala remembered that he had no gift for the teacher and this was the day of the party.

"My little Cowherd Brother!" exclaimed Gopala, "this is the day of the party at the school and I have no present for the teacher. My mother is very poor and she would give him the best gift of all if she could but she cannot."

"I do not know what I can give you. I am only a poor Cowherd boy," he said, "but if you will wait here I will see what I can find for you to give to the teacher." So the little Cowherd Brother ran into the deep, shadowy places of the forest. Presently he came back again. In his hands he carried a small bowl of curds. "This is all that I have for you," he said. "Take it to your teacher."

Gopala felt that it was rather a poor gift and when he saw the lovely gifts of the other children he felt quite ashamed of his little bowl of curds. The children crowded around him and made fun of it and Gopala began to cry.

Seeing his trouble, the teacher came to him and put his hands on his head and said, "It is a beautiful present, Gopala." So Gopala laughed through his tears and was no longer afraid.

Then the teacher took the bowl and emptied the curds into a larger bowl. They filled the larger bowl and still the little bowl was full. He poured them into a still larger bowl and then into another and another. It was always the same; he could fill as many bowls as he liked but still the little bowl of the Cowherd Brother was full. He gave all the children as much as they could eat and they had never before tasted such curds. It was as if the taste of rich cakes and fruits and preserves had all been blended into one and they could eat as much as they liked for there was always more to be poured from the little bowl into the larger ones.

"This is very strange, Gopala," said the teacher. "Who gave you this bowl of curds?"

"I got it in the forest, dear teacher," Gopala explained, "from my little Cowherd Brother."

"Who is he?" asked the teacher.

"I cannot tell you where he lives," Gopala said, "but he came out to walk with me when I was afraid to go through the forest and he comes with me every day to school. He wears

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a crown of gold and in it a peacock's feather and he has a flute that he plays upon. When he has brought me to school he goes back to tend his cows all day but when school is over he is waiting to take me home."

The teacher was greatly surprised for he knew that no cowherds lived in the forest. It came to him suddenly that Gopala's playmate must be the Child Krishna with the lotus eyes and the Divine heart.

"Take me with you to the forest. I would like to see your little brother," said the teacher. So at the closing of school, the teacher took Gopala's hand and they walked together to the forest. But when they reached it the little Cowherd Brother did not come out to meet them.

"My little Cowherd Brother! Oh, will you not come to us," cried Gopala. But all they heard was the echo of the call. The teacher was sure now that Gopala had lied. He looked at him sternly. Gopala was ready to cry for he knew that he had told the truth. He shouted again, "My little Cowherd Brother, please come. I want my teacher to know that I told what was true and that you are my playmate."

Then, from afar off in the deep places of the forest they heard a voice calling to them.

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"Little one," it said, "I cannot show my face. The teacher has long to wait. But tell him that he shall see me some day when he needs me as did you, my little Gopala."

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WINDING UP TIME

A boy, whom I knew very well, was once going through a meadow full of buttercups and he came to an old hawthorn tree, growing in a hedge, and all covered with blossoms. He had a piece of plum cake and he sat down in the shade to eat it when he saw that the hedge was very high and thick, and there was a great hollow in the trunk of the tree.

He thrust his head in, twisted himself around, then went in and looked up.

It was a very great tree and the hollow was so large that two or three boys could have stood in it. When Jack, for that was his name, got used to the dim light in that brown, still place, he presently discovered that he was seated in a beautiful little open boat with a great carved figure-head to it. He was just thinking what a fine thing it was to have such a curious boat all to himself when it started slowly away.

At first he felt a little lonely but in a few minutes he forgot that, because the little boat began to swim so fast. She was not sailing for she had no sail and Jack was not rowing for he had no oars. The motion of the boat was more like swimming than anything else and Jack soon found himself in a wonderful river far beyond the tree.

On and on went the little boat until Jack wondered where it could possibly be taking him but at last the shore on the right bank became flat and he saw a beautiful little bay where the water was still and where grass grew down to the brink.

"Oh, I wish my boat would swim into that bay and let me land!" Jack cried out. He had no sooner spoken than the boat altered her course, as if somebody had been steering her, and began to make for the bay as fast as she could. As they drew near the strand the water got so shallow that you could see crabs and lobsters walking about on the bottom. At last the boat's keel grated on the pebbles and Jack saw two little old women approaching and gently driving an old white horse before them.

The horse had panniers, one on each side, and when his feet were in the water he stood still. The old women were very handsomely dressed,

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not at all like washerwomen which it afterward appeared that they were. One wore a red satin gown and one a blue satin cloak and it seemed that they did not have to take great care of their beautiful clothes. They began to empty the panniers of many small blue and pink and scarlet shirts and coats and stockings, tiny enough for fairies to wear, and when they had made them into two piles they knelt down and began to wash them in the river.

"I have a great mind to land," Jack thought.

"I should not wonder at all if this is Fairyland." So he sprang ashore just in time to hear the washerwoman in blue say, "I shall leave off now; I've got a pain in my works."

"Do," said the washerwoman in red. "We'll go home and have a cup of tea."

Then they wrung out the clothes, put them again into the panniers and taking the old horse by the bridle began gently to lead him away.

While Jack was wondering very much and following the two at a distance the washerwoman in the blue satin cloak turned to look at him and then spoke to the other, "He looks young enough to go eight days without winding," she said. "*Gee!*" and the horse went on.

"No, *whoa!*" said the other.

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Then, to Jack's surprise the horse stopped and said, speaking through his nose, "I'm willing to *gee* and I'm agreeable to *whoa*; but what's a fellow to do when you say them both together?"

"Why, he talks!" exclaimed Jack.

"Don't your horses talk?" asked the blue cloaked washerwoman.

"Never," answered Jack. "They can't."

"You mean they won't," observed the old horse. "You'll find out some day, perhaps," he continued, "whether horses can talk or not."

"Shall I?" said Jack, very earnestly.

"They'll *tell*," replied the white horse. "You'll be surprised when they tell how they've been used."

"Have you been ill used?" Jack asked anxiously.

"Of course he has," one of the washerwomen broke in. "So have we, but we've come here to get all right again. This is a very wholesome country for washerwomen and horses; isn't it, Boney, dear?"

"Yes," said the horse.

"He was shamefully used," observed the other washerwoman. He used to live in London; his master always carried a long whip to beat him with and never spoke pleasantly to him. But

he's a vast deal better already than he was. "Jog on; there's a dear," she said to the horse. "Why, you'll be young again soon, you know— young and gamesome and handsome. You'll be quite a colt by and by in the happy meadows."

The old horse was so comforted by this kind speech that he pricked up his ears and quickened his pace considerably until they came to a beautiful meadow full of hay stacks and the air smelling of fresh grass.

The old horse stopped and, turning to the washerwoman in blue, said, "I think I could fancy a handful of clover." Upon this she snatched Jack's cap off his head, jumped in the most active manner over a little ditch, and gathering some clover brought the cap back full for the horse.

"This must be a nice country to live in," Jack said as the old horse munched contentedly. "What do you do all day long?" he asked of the washerwoman in red.

"We're here," she said, "to look after all the creatures that men have ill used. When they are sick and old we take care of them and bring them up to be young and happy again."

Jack reached out for his hat now and as he went close to the washerwoman he heard a

curious sort of little ticking noise inside of her that startled him. And now the old horse spoke again. "She shouldn't jump so much," he said. "Her weights will be running down some day if she isn't careful."

Jack grew more and more puzzled but just then a little man dressed like a groom came running up. "Come along!" he said; "I hear the bell and we are a good way from the palace."

Jack could, himself, hear the loud ringing of a bell and when the groom began to run, he ran beside him for he thought he should like to see the palace.

"Is this Fairyland?" he asked as he ran along.

"Only one of the border countries," the groom explained as he ran, "a place where things that people have caused to go wrong in the world are set right again."

And now they came to a place where people and animals were gathered from all sides—fields, cottages and mills—until at last there was quite a crowd among whom Jack saw the two washerwomen and the old white horse. They were all hurrying toward a large house, the wide door of which was standing open. Jack stood with the crowd and peeped in. There was a woman sitting inside upon a rocking chair, a large, tall

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woman wearing a gold colored gown and beside her stood a table covered with bright little keys.

Jack watched and he saw the people and the animals, some tired and old and others merry and young, pass in and stand close by the woman. One after the other she touched their heads with her left hand and with her right hand she found a key that pleased her. It seemed to Jack that there was a tiny keyhole in the back of their heads and that she put the key in and wound them up.

"Are you wound up every evening just like watches?" Jack asked of one of the washerwomen who stood close beside him.

"Unless we have misbehaved ourselves," she said; "and then she lets us run down."

"You must take your turn with the others," the groom said now to Jack.

"Perhaps he's a real boy that needs no winding up," the washerwoman said, but Jack began to feel a little alarmed. He knew that he had no keyhole in the back of his head and he didn't think it would be pleasant to have one made. He started to run with all his might and although many of the people called to him to stop, they did not run after him for they needed winding up.

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As he ran he began to have a curious feeling as if this had all happened a long time ago. Suddenly he saw the church and the hedge and his father's house not far off and then he stepped down into the deep grass of the meadow full of buttercups. So he went home and was delighted to find that the house was all just as usual. And after he had looked about him he had his supper and got into his little white bed and went comfortably asleep quite as if he had not taken such a strange dream journey that afternoon.

THE FAIRY WHO JUDGED HER NEIGHBORS

There was once a Fairy who was a good Fairy on the whole, but she had one very bad habit; she was too fond of finding fault with other people and of taking for granted that everything must be wrong if it did not appear right to her.

One day her mother said to her, "My child, I think if you knew a little more of the world you would be more charitable. I advise you to set out on your travels. You will find plenty of food, for the cowslips are full of honey, and you can sleep in any empty robin's nest that you find.

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If you want a new gown, you can sew two tulip leaves together which will make you a very becoming dress and one that I shall be proud to see you wear."

The Fairy was very much pleased to set out on her travels. She kissed her mother and said good-by to her nurse who gave her a little ball of spiders' threads to sew with and a beautiful little box made of the egg shell of a wren to keep her sewing in. Then the Fairy flew away until she came to a large meadow with some tall oak trees. She sat down on a high branch of one of these oaks and was just thinking of picking two yellow snap dragons that she saw growing down in the grass when she heard a deep sigh. She saw a fine young lark sitting in the long grass and looking very miserable.

"What is the matter?" asked the Fairy.

"I am so unhappy," said the lark. "I want to build a nest and I have no mate."

"Go look for one then," said the Fairy, laughing. "Fly up and sing a beautiful song in the sky and perhaps some pretty bird will hear you. Tell her that you will help her to build a nest."

"I don't like to fly up, I am so ugly," said the lark. "I have no yellow bars on my wings like the goldfinch, or red feathers on my breast like

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the robin; I am only a dull, ugly brown. And if I fly up my feet will be seen. No other bird has feet like mine."

"Let me look at your claws," said the Fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet which he kept hidden in the grass lest any one should see. The hind claw was at least an inch long and all the toes had dangerous looking points.

"Are you sure you never use them for fighting?" asked the Fairy.

"I never fought in my life," the lark replied, "but these claws grow longer and longer."

"I think, if I were you, I would pull them off," said the Fairy.

"That is easier said than done," answered the poor lark. "I have often tangled them in the grass and scraped them against stones but it is of no use, they stick so fast."

"Well," said the Fairy, "nothing is given us to be of no use, and I think that you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were a fighter. You do fight, I am sure, and you would probably scratch your mate. It's a pity you are so quarrelsome. Good morning."

"I am not quarrelsome, am I?" begged the lark of a grasshopper near by.

"I have known you some time," replied the

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grasshopper, "and I never once saw you out of temper."

It pleased the lark so to have the grasshopper speak well of him that he flew up into the air and he discovered to his surprise that the higher he flew the louder and more sweetly he sang. He was so happy and he poured forth such delightful notes that the little ants who were carrying burdens stopped to listen and the doves ceased cooing and the field mice sat in the openings of their holes to listen. The Fairy heard. She had been dozing but she woke up to listen.

"I never heard such a beautiful song in my life," said the Fairy. "I wonder what bird it can be."

And a little brown lark down under some foxglove leaves held her breath for she was afraid of losing a single note. Then she twittered because his singing made her so happy and the lark, who was really the Skylark, came down to see her.

He walked very carefully so that she might not see his feet and he thought that he had never seen such a pretty creature as she in his life. She told him how much she loved his music and so he sang her several songs, each one sweeter than the last. Then he bravely showed her his

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feet and asked her if she would overlook his spurs and be his mate.

"I do not mind your spurs particularly," she said.

So they built a delightful little nest in the long grass and the Skylark was very happy and almost forgot about his ugly feet.

Meanwhile, the Fairy flew about from meadow to meadow and wherever she went she had something unkind or ill-natured to say. She had been some time looking about in search of adventure when she came back, one afternoon, to the old oak tree. She had worn out her slippers and there were none to be had so pretty as those made of yellow snap dragon flowers in the hedge hard by.

As she was fitting them on she saw a little brown lark sitting on a nest of eggs down in the grass. Her feathers were ruffled and she was twittering plaintively.

"Ah," she cried. "I shall never hear my little larks chirp. I did not know how to make a fine nest such as those in the hedges and the farmer is coming to-morrow. My pretty eggs will be trodden on."

Just then the bird who had helped her to build the nest dropped down from the white cloud in

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which he had been singing and when he saw his mate drooping he asked her in great fright what was the matter.

So she told him and at first he was very much shocked; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, examining his claws.

"He does not sympathize with his poor little mate," said the Fairy who was always very hasty about judging her neighbors.

Still the bird looked at his claws and seemed to be very deep in thought.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," sighed the little brown lark, "among the corn, there would have been plenty of time to rear my little birds before the harvest time."

"My dear," answered the other bird, "don't be so unhappy." So saying, he hopped up to the eggs and laying one foot upon the prettiest of them, pink speckled with brown, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say it exactly fitted the egg.

"Do you think you can carry them away for me?" cried the anxious little mother.

"To be sure I can," he replied, beginning slowly and carefully to hop on with the egg in his right foot. I have oftener wondered what

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my spurs could be for and now I see." Then he hopped gently on until he came to the hedge and got through it. Still holding the egg, he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he laid it and came back for the others.

The Fairy watched him and as he passed her she looked at him very closely to try and find out who so clever a bird could be. It was the Skylark, the bird whom she had accused of being quarrelsome.

She said nothing but she felt heartily ashamed of herself. She sat looking on until the happy lark had carried the last of the eggs to a safe place and had called to his mate to follow and again sit upon them. Then, when the Skylark sprang up into the sky, again exulting and rejoicing and singing to his mate that now he was so happy to have been given his ugly spurs, she stole away.

"I could not have believed such a thing," she said when she reached home and told her mother all about it. "I felt quite sure that he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."

THE GRADUAL FAIRY

Once upon a time there was a Mother Breeze, and she lived, with her seven children, inside a hollow tree. Sometimes they thought of moving, because their house was old and leaky, and there was always a draught. But the Mother Breeze put it off, for, said she, when the children were old enough to travel they could go West and live with their Grandfather Cyclone, who was very rich and owned a prairie.

As it was, the Mother Breeze had to work for a living; and one morning she got up and said to the seven Little Breezes: "It is going to be very hot to-day."

Now the seven Little Breezes knew what that meant: for when it was hot their mother always had work to do, fanning the Sunset Lake.

So they said: "Oh, let us go with you!"

"No, my dears," said the mother, tying on her work apron and her stoutest wings. "If I were going for an hour, you might go. Or if I were going for two hours, you might go. But a whole day is too much."

With that she began to look about for the leaf which was always pasted over the door when she

was away: and at that the Little Breezes began to cry. They cried exactly as they did every time their mother left them, and they said exactly the same thing:—

“Oh, it will be dark in here, and we can’t see to play!”

But the mother had heard it so many times that she paid no attention. She only said: “If the Green Goblin comes, be sure you don’t let him in.”

“Mayn’t we fly out and play with him?” asked all the Little Breezes, though they knew quite well how dangerous that would be.

“No, no,” said the mother. “It is going to be a hot day, and he would breathe you all up as quick as a wink.”

“May we speak to him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

“Yes, you may speak to him. Only you must not let him in.”

“May we make fun of him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

“Yes, you may make fun of him. Only you must not let him in.”

“May we scold him?” asked the Little Breeze that liked to make other people do what he said.

“Yes, you may scold him. Only you must not let him in.”

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"May we praise him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to have everybody happy.

"Yes, you may praise him. Only you must not let him in."

"May we listen to him?" asked the Little Breeze that had sharp ears.

"Yes, you may listen to him. Only you must not let him in."

"May we love him?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to love everybody.

"Yes, you may love him. Only you must not let him in."

"May we invite him to supper?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat.

"Yes, you may invite him to supper. Only you must not let him in."

All this time the Mother Breeze was busy mixing some magic paste; and when she had finished it she went out, laid the leaf over the door, and pasted it round the edges. And while she worked, the Little Breezes screamed at the top of their voices, hoping she might leave the door open, or even stay at home.

"Oh! oh!" they cried. "It's very dark in here!"

"Oh! oh! it's very tight in here!"

"Oh! oh! it's very cold in here!"

But the Mother Breeze was quite used to that, and when she had done pasting, she blew on the paste for a moment to be sure it was dry, and then she shook the leaf to see if it was firm; and with her mind at ease, she hurried off to the Sunset Lake.

Now as soon as the Little Breezes were quite sure she had gone, they stopped screaming and began to whistle merrily. They whistled for an hour, and then they had a game of tag, and then a game of puss-in-the-corner, and then a game of race-round-the-table. And when at last they heard the Sun outside saying it was twelve o'clock, they got their seven little porringers and sat down contentedly to eat their dinner. And as they were eating the last drop, what should they hear outside but a Noise! So they set down their porringers very softly and held their breath to listen.

And they whispered in each other's ears, the oldest Little Breeze to the Next Little Breeze, and the Next Little Breeze to the Next Little Breeze: "It is the Green Goblin, for he never comes without a Noise."

"Little Breezes," said some one from outside, "Little Breezes, are you at home? I have come to call."

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It was the voice of the Green Goblin, and they knew it well. So the oldest Little Breeze whispered to the Next Little Breeze, and the Next Little Breeze to the Next Little Breeze, and so on: "It is the Green Goblin."

Now the Little Breeze that liked to talk put her finger on her lip and looked at all the others. And when they were perfectly still, she called to the Green Goblin: "We are not at home to-day."

"Oh, yes, you are, Little Breezes," said the Green Goblin; "for I hear you talk."

"You don't hear us at all, for we are very still," said the Little Breeze that liked to talk. "But we hear you, and we know you are the Green Goblin, for you never go about without a Noise."

"Indeed, I am not the Green Goblin," said the visitor earnestly. "I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

"No, you are not a fairy," said the Little Breeze that liked to talk. "Fairies go about softly alone, and you have come with a Noise."

Then the Green Goblin turned away, and they heard him muttering off through the bushes, and Noise was with him. And the Little Breezes began to whistle, as they washed their porringers and hung them on the wall.

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Meantime the Green Goblin had sped away to the Thunder, and said to him: "I want to get rid of this Noise. Can you do anything with him?"

"Oh, yes," growled the Thunder, "and forty like him. Only you must promise not to have anything to do with him again, or any of his family, for I like to keep the Noises to myself."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin; and he went back softly to the tree, and then he said again: "O Little Breezes, are you at home? I have come to call."

"Who are you?" asked the Little Breeze that liked to laugh.

And he answered: "I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

Then the Little Breeze began to laugh so that she could hardly speak, and she said: "Ho! Ho! You are a fairy! Fairies have sweet voices, and your voice is the voice of a Green Goblin."

Then the Green Goblin sped away, and he said to the Brook: "Brook, give me some of your beautiful voice."

Now the Brook was singing all to herself, and she kept on singing as if she wove the new words into her song:—

"That will I do, only you must promise never to stir up my waters again so that the cattle cannot drink."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin; and he went back softly to the tree, and said in the loveliest voice that ever was: "Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

Now the Little Breezes were so enchanted with his voice that for a moment they were inclined to blow down the leaf and let him in. For, though their mother had pasted it very tightly, she had always told them that if something really important happened, such as a fire or an ax in the tree, they must blow with all their might and get away.

"But she never told us we might open it to a fairy," said the Little Breeze that liked to talk.

"No, but she lets us play with fairies when we are out," said the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat, "and she lets us invite them home to supper."

"I'll tell you," said the Little Breeze that liked to scold, "even if it is a fairy, it will be more fun to pretend it is the Green Goblin, and then we can give him a piece of our minds." So she called out through the leaf, "You wicked,

wicked Goblin, what do you mean by saying you are a fairy? Fairies have pink cheeks, and yours are green. Fairies have a white skin, and yours is green."

Then the Green Goblin sped away to the Sky, and he said: "O Sky, give me some of your blue to put in my eyes."

"That will I," said the Sky; "only you must promise never to make faces at me again."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin.

Then he sped away to the Apple Tree in Bloom, and he said to her: "O Apple Tree in Bloom, give me some of your white for my skin and some of your pink for my cheeks."

"That will I," said the Apple Tree in Bloom; "only you must promise never to shake little birds out of their nests in my branches."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin; and he went back softly to the tree and said: "Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

"Oh," cried the Little Breeze that liked to praise everybody, "what a beautiful Green Goblin there is outside! How straight and green his hair is, and what a lovely figure he has for a goblin! It is like a tub on two sticks!"

Then the Goblin sped away to the cornfield,

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and said to the Corn: "O Corn, will you give me some of your silk for my hair?"

"That will I," said the Corn; "only you must promise not to put black mildew on my stalks."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin.

Then he sped away to the fern-bed.

"O Ferns," said he, "will you give me some of your waving grace and some of your green garments?"

"That will we," said the Ferns; "only you must promise not to trample us any more."

"I promise," said the Green Goblin; and he went back softly to the tree, and said: "Little Breezes, are you at home? I am a beautiful fairy, and I have come to call."

"A beautiful fairy, indeed!" said the Little Breeze that had sharp ears. "Your heart is a goblin heart. I can hear it beat."

Now, a goblin heart is quite different from any other, and it beats in a peculiar manner. Then the Green Goblin sped away to the farm-yard, where there was a good dog lying asleep in the sun, and he cried to him: "O Dog, give me some of your heart-beats!"

"That will I," said the Dog from his slumber; "only you must promise to keep them warm."

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"I promise," said the Green Goblin, and he went back to the tree.

But as he stood there he looked at himself, and he saw that instead of his own stiff legs he had a waving robe of lovely green, and from the hem of it peeped two little white feet of an exquisite shape. And he looked at his hands, and they were white, and a long golden tress of hair came down over his shoulder. And in his wonder he whispered to himself:

"Surely I am a fairy. Yet I was not born a fairy. I was not a fairy all at once. I must be a Gradual Fairy."

Then he thought of the price he had paid for all the things that had made him a Gradual Fairy, and his promises not to do wicked tricks any more. But now it seemed a small price to pay, for he could not think of any wicked tricks he wished to do. And his heart beat so swiftly and gave him such a delightful feeling that he put his hand over it to keep it warm. Yet it was very hot in the forest, and he opened his lips again to tell the Little Breezes he had come to call; but what he said was this:

"Little Breezes, it is very hot to-day, and if you come out some one may breathe you up. Stay quite still, as your mother bade you, and at six o'clock she will be home."

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"Oh," cried the Little Breeze that liked to love everybody, "how sweet and kind you sound! Nobody but a fairy could be so sweet and kind. We love you very much."

"And won't you stay to supper?" called the Little Breeze that liked to give people things to eat.

"I will stay here," said the Gradual Fairy, "till your mother comes, and see that nothing harms you. Have your afternoon nap, Little Breezes, and do not be afraid."

Then the Little Breezes dropped off to sleep, and they knew no more until, at six o'clock, their mother blew open the leaf and came in. And all the Little Breezes woke, one by one, as she took their porringers from the wall.

"I shall have to hurry and get supper," said she, "for there is the most beautiful fairy outside, and I have asked her to stay. Dear me! What a happy Breeze I am, to have plenty of work and a warm season, and children that are good all day, and a fairy to come to tea!"

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LITTLE DAYLIGHT

She came one glorious sunny morning when the wind and the sun were out together—a beautiful baby, with such bright eyes that she might have come from the very sun itself.

The palace of her father, the King, was near a wood and the wood was full of fairies. Such curious houses as they lived in; one, a hollow oak; another, a birch tree; and the house of another was made of a number of trees intertwined and patched together with turf and moss.

But there was a certain fairy who had lately come to the place and nobody ever knew she was a fairy except a few of the others. A wicked old creature she was, always taking vengeance upon people, and she lived in a mud house in a swampy part of the forest.

Of course there was a christening for the baby princess, and of course all the known fairies were invited. But the King and the Queen Mother never thought of inviting the old witch. After the ceremony was over and five fairies had, one after the other, given the child such gifts as each counted best, there was a sudden noise and out hobbled the wicked fairy into the mid-

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dle of the circle. It was just as the archbishop was handing the baby to the lady at the head of the nursery, and the wicked fairy said:

"Please, your grace, I'm very deaf; would you mind repeating the baby's name?"

"Little Daylight," said the archbishop, stooping to shout in her ear.

"And *little* daylight it shall be," cried the fairy. "She shall wax and wane with the moon."

The whole court was thrown into despair at the decree of the wicked fairy. The Queen wept in the arms of the ladies in waiting, and the King wrung his hands. But suddenly out stepped another fairy who had been wise enough to keep her wish in reserve.

"Until," said she, "a prince comes who shall kiss her without knowing who she is."

So it was a very queer household where Little Daylight lived. When the moon was at the full, she was in glorious spirits, as beautiful as it was possible for a child to be, and the whole palace rang with her joy all night long. But as the moon waned, she faded, until at last she was wan and withered like the poorest, sickliest child you might come upon in the streets of a great city. Then the day was as quiet as the

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night for the little creature lay in her gorgeous cradle with hardly a motion. At first they often thought she was dead, but at last they got used to it and only consulted the almanac to find the moment when she would begin to revive, which, of course, was with the first appearance of the silver thread of the crescent moon. Then in her sleep Daylight would smile the faintest, most pitiful smile.

As she came to be older, she grew more and more beautiful with the sunniest hair and the loveliest eyes of a blue as deep as the sky of a June day. But the more beautiful she was in the full moon, the more withered and worn did she become as the moon waned. When the moon was small, or gone, her face would be drawn and wrinkled, her shoulders bent forward, and she looked like an old, old woman. She grew to dislike being seen, still more being touched by any hands when she was waning, so she built her a little rustic house in a great open glade away from the palace. There the full moon shone free and glorious and there she lived nearly all the time.

The fame of her beauty and sweetness had gone abroad but every one knew that she was under a wicked spell and no prince had ever asked for her hand in marriage.

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About this time there was a revolution in a near-by kingdom, and the young prince was obliged to flee for his life, disguised as a peasant. He journeyed a long way from his home with no other clothes to put on, and very little money. For a day or two he had been walking through the palace wood with next to nothing to eat, when he came upon the strangest little house, inhabited by a very nice tidy, motherly old woman. She gave him bread and milk, for she was one of the good fairies, and she pressed him to stay all night. When he awoke he was amazed to find how well and strong he felt. He offered the old woman some money, but she would not take it and only urged him to stay longer.

"Thank you very much, good mother," said the Prince, "but I think the sooner I get out of these woods the better."

"I don't know that," said the fairy.

"What do you mean?" asked the Prince.

"Why, how should I know?" returned she.

"I can't tell," said the Prince.

"Very well," said the fairy.

Now, the Prince was not used to being spoken to in this fashion, so he turned and walked away. But the fairy stood at the door of her little house

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looking after him until the trees hid him from sight. Then she said, "At last!" and she went in.

The Prince wandered and got nowhere. The sun went down and he was still no nearer the end of the wood. After a while the moon rose, slowly and more slowly, and after he had walked a long space he came to a great open spot all covered with grass. The moon shone very brightly and he thought he had never seen such a lovely place. Still it looked dreary in spite of its loveliness for he could see no house at the other side.

All at once he saw something in the middle of the grass. What could it be? It moved; it came nearer. It was a creature dressed in white and gleaming in the moonshine. He thought it must be some strange nymph of the wood, come out from her tree to see the moon, but when she came close to where he stood, he saw her sunny hair and her clear blue eyes and the sweetest face he had ever known. She began singing like a nightingale and dancing to her own music, with her eyes turned toward the moon. All night long she sang and danced until the Prince could not tell whether he was dreaming or waking but at last it was broad daylight, and she was nowhere to be seen.

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The Prince could not leave the place. He would gladly have endured a day's hunger to see the beautiful creature again. He walked around the glade to see if he could find any prints of her feet. But the grass was so short, and her steps had been so light that she had left not a trace behind her.

All day he stayed in the forest, waiting anxiously for night to come in the hope that the Princess would come again. Nor was he disappointed for, directly the moon rose, he spied a glimmering shape far across the glade. It was she, indeed, not dressed in white as before, but in a pale blue like the sky which made her look lovelier still. He did not know that she was really more beautiful because the moon was nearer the full. In fact the next night was full moon, and the Princess would then be at the zenith of her loveliness.

All night she danced in wide circles in the moonlight until morning came and the Prince could see her no more. And the third night—there she was dancing towards him in a dress that shone like gold and with little diamond shoes that glimmered through the grass like fireflies. But as she passed in and out of the trees as a sunbeam would—clouds began to

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gather about the moon. Then the moon rose, the trees moaned, and the branches bent before it. The Princess danced faster than ever, her golden dress and her sunny hair streaming out upon the blast, and she waved her arms toward the moon as if to order the clouds from off her face. Then, suddenly, she fell to the ground.

The Prince darted toward her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," she said wearily; "I'm only going to sleep."

She sat up and pushed her hair from her eyes.

"Have you ever seen the sun?" she asked. "Is it so very bright? Does it ever go out?"

"Oh, no," said the Prince. "It shines like the moon and it rises and sets like the moon only it is so bright that you can't look at it for a moment."

"I *would* look at it," said the Princess.

"Why don't you then?" asked the Prince.

"Because I can't—because I'm never awake. And I never shall wake until—"

Here she hid her face in her hands, and walked away, very slowly and sadly, into the deep part of the woods.

The Prince wanted to follow her, but he was a true, gentleman prince and realized that she

did not want him to. So he, too, went sadly away to the old fairy's cottage to ask if he might stay on with her for a little while. There she sat in her door paring potatoes, although it was long past midnight, and she said he might stay.

He waited and watched for a long time, but he never again saw the wonderful little creature of the wood. He found the glade, but she was never there. At last one night when there was no moon at all, he went again to the open space in the forest, and he sat down at the foot of a birch tree, quite weary and discouraged. At last he thought it would be a good plan to light a fire. It was just beginning to blaze up when he heard a moan which seemed to come from the other side of the tree. He jumped to his feet and when he got round, there lay a human form in a little dark heap on the earth. By the light of his fire, he saw a queer little old, old woman with a black hood over her hair and her eyes were closed.

He laid her down as comfortably as he could and rubbed her hands. Then he took off his coat, and wrapped it about her. In a little while she opened her eyes and looked at him, so pitifully! The tears ran down her poor wrinkled cheeks, but she never said a word.

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The Prince felt like crying, too, and he begged her to tell him what was the matter; but still she did not speak.

At last he lifted her up in his arms, for he thought she must be dying.

"Mother, mother!" he said—"Poor mother!" and he softly kissed her withered lips.

She started! Oh, what eyes they were that opened upon him! She stood upright. Her hood dropped, and a shower of golden hair fell about her. The first pink gleam of the morning was caught on her face, and her eyes were as lovely as the sky of darkest blue. The Prince stood in wonder. It was Daylight, his wonderful little creature of the woods whom he had been holding. He fell at her feet, nor dared look up until she laid her hand upon his head. He rose then.

"You kissed me when I was an old woman; there! I kiss you when I am a young princess," cried Daylight. "I am awake. I see the sun coming."

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THE MONTHS

THERE were once two sisters, Dobrunka and Katinka, and one was beautiful and good and the other was ugly and unkind. It seemed as if, every day, Dobrunka grew more fair; her eyes were like blue flowers that lie in the meadow in the springtime, her hair was the gold of the sunshine and her cheeks were as pink as a wild rose. But Katinka's face was always dark with envy and hatred of her sister for she had been born with an unkind heart.

Dobrunka was just as thoughtful and industrious as she was sweet to look at. She was obliged to do all the work of the house; she swept, cooked, washed, spun, wove, cut the grass and took care of the cow while Katinka did nothing to help her and lived like a princess. Still, Dobrunka was cheerful and sang at her work, although it seemed impossible to please Katinka.

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At last it seemed to Katinka that she could not endure, any longer, seeing sunny Dobrunka in their house, and she thought of a wicked plan for getting rid of her. It was the middle of January and as cold and frosty as ever a January had been, but Katinka said to Dobrunka:

"I have a fancy for some violets, Dobrunka. Go to the forest and pick me a bunch that I may pin them upon my dress and enjoy their sweet perfume."

Dobrunka looked out of the window where the snow lay in drifts and the wind howled, and she shivered. She had no warm cloak as Katinka had.

"Sister, there are no violets to be found at this season of the year. The snow covers the ground too deeply," she said.

Katinka frowned and stamped her foot. "Do as I tell you, Dobrunka," she said. "Go, and do not return until you bring me a bunch of violets."

So Dobrunka, shivering and weeping bitterly, went out and into the forest. Everything was white with snow. She could not find even a footpath and she wandered on, hungry and cold, sure that she would never see her home again.

Suddenly, in the distance, Dobrunka saw a light. On she went, climbing higher and

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higher, until at last she reached the top of a great rock. A bright fire burned upon the top of the rock and around it were twelve stones. On each stone sat a motionless figure wrapped in a long cloak and his head covered with a hood that came down over his eyes.

Three of these cloaks were as white as snow is in the winter time. Three were as green as the first meadow grass in the springtime. Three were the gold of ripened grain and three were as purple as the grapes that hang from the vines in the fall. The twelve figures did not speak but only looked at the fire silently. They were the twelve months of the year.

Dobrunka approached them timidly.

"Kind sirs, may I warm myself by your fire?" she begged. "I am perishing in this cold."

January, who had a long white beard and held a staff in his hand, answered her:

"Why have you come here, my child?"

"I am looking for violets," Dobrunka answered.

"This is not the season for violets," January replied in a gruff voice, "did you not know that?"

"Indeed I do know it," Dobrunka answered, "but I have a sister who says that she must have

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a bunch of violets and she will not let me return home until I fetch them."

Old January turned to one of his brother months in green and handed him his staff. "This is a matter for you to attend to, March," he said.

March rose, and put the staff into the fire, stirring the coals with it. How wonderful! The flames rose high and the snow melted. Underneath the bushes there came a soft carpet of new green grass and leaves, and over this the violets bloomed in a purple cloud. March had brought the spring.

"Gather as many violets as you wish, my child, but make haste," said March.

So Dobrunka gathered as many violets as she could hold in her two hands and ran joyfully home with them to Katinka. She had never seen such large ones, and their perfume filled the whole house.

"Where did you find these violets?" Katinka asked, pinning them to her dress but not so much as thanking Dobrunka.

"Over yonder on the mountain," Dobrunka said. "There were so many that I could not gather them all. Do you not like them, Katinka?"

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But Katinka said nothing at all until the next morning. Then she spoke to Dobrunka in a sharp voice.

"I have a hunger for some strawberries," she said. "Go to the forest and bring me back some."

Dobrunka was again frightened.

"Sister, there are no strawberries to be found at this time of the year," she said. "The ground is all covered with snow."

But again Katinka stamped her foot and threatened Dobrunka.

"Do as I bid you," she said, "and do not return until you bring me a basket of strawberries."

So Dobrunka, cold and terrified, went again into the forest, looking as hard as she could for the light that had guided her before. At last she spied it. Trembling and half frozen she reached the top of the great rock where the twelve months still sat in their places, motionless and looking at the fire.

"Good sirs," said Dobrunka, "may I warm myself beside your fire? I am almost perished with the cold."

"Why did you return to us, my child?" asked January.

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"I am looking for strawberries," Dobrunka replied sorrowfully.

"Do you not know," asked January, "that this is not the season for strawberries?"

"Indeed I know it, sir," answered Dobrunka, "but my sister wishes me to fill this basket with strawberries for her and she will not let me return home to her until I do."

January reached his staff out to one of the months who wore a golden cloak. "This is a matter for you to attend to, June," he said.

June rose and stirred the fire with the staff. Again the flames rose higher, the snow melted, the earth was covered with green and the trees with leaves. Birds sang everywhere and the flowers opened. Little white flowers, like stars, covered the grass and then turned to strawberries, as red as rubies set in emeralds. June had made the summer.

"Gather as many strawberries as you like, but make haste, my child," said June.

So Dobrunka filled her basket with strawberries and ran merrily home. The perfume of the strawberries filled the whole house, and Dobrunka gave them all to Katinka.

"Where did you find these?" Katinka asked disdainfully as she ate the strawberries and did not offer one to Dobrunka.

"Over yonder, on the mountain," Dobrunka said, "the ground was covered with them."

"Then you can certainly go again and fetch me some purple grapes," said Katinka. "You shall go in the morning."

"I can fetch you no grapes at this season of the year," sobbed Dobrunka when the next day dawned, white and still with the cold.

"Then you shall not cross this threshold again," said Katinka. "Grapes I will have and you must bring them to me."

So, a third time, Dobrunka was turned out and obliged to wander through the forest, freezing and alone. It seemed as if she could not go a step farther when she saw the welcome fire of the twelve months shining before her.

"Why have you come to us a third time, my child?" January asked of Dobrunka gruffly.

"I am indeed sorry to trouble you," said Dobrunka timidly, "but my sister has expressed another wish. She would have me bring her some purple grapes."

January shook his head. "That is quite impossible," he said. "Grapes do not ripen at this season of the year."

"But my sister says that I may never cross her threshold again until I bring her grapes," said Dobrunka, the tears filling her eyes.

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January passed over his staff to one of the months who wore a purple cloak. "This is a matter for you to attend to, September," said January.

September took the staff and stirred the fire. The flames again rose high, the snow melted and the trees were covered with red and yellow leaves. There were golden rod and asters and a few late pinks blooming, and the vines hung low with purple grapes. September had made the autumn.

"Gather one bunch of grapes, my child, and make haste about it," said September.

So Dobrunka gathered one bunch of purple grapes and hastened home happily with them to Katinka. She ate them without thanks.

"Why did you bring me only one bunch of grapes?" she asked when she had eaten the last one.

Dobrunka knew not what to say. "I thought that one bunch would be sufficient for you, Katinka," she said.

"I will go myself to the mountain and get as many grapes as I wish," Katinka said, for they were the most delicious that she had ever eaten. So she put on all her furs and started out through the forest.

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Katinka did not feel the cold because she was so warmly wrapped. She pushed on in her pride and selfishness, and presently she spied the light in the distance. She climbed and climbed until she reached the top of the rock where the twelve months sat motionless about their fire. Without asking if she might, Katinka went up to the fire to warm herself.

"What is your errand here?" January asked of her.

"That is not your affair," said Katinka in her pride.

January raised his staff above his head and at that the sky was overcast with clouds, the fire turned to ashes, snow fell and an icy wind blew. Katinka could not see a step before her and her furs did her no good now. The snow still fell and the icy wind still blew. She called for help but there was no one to hear her and her limbs grew stiff and her body motionless, and she was turned to an image of ice.

Dobrunka waited and watched but Katinka did not return. Then she looked for her but she was not able to find her. So Dobrunka went home and the house and the garden and the cow were now hers. She lived there, happy and industrious, and the twelve months did not forget her.

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When it was cold and the north wind, blowing through the forest, rattled the window frames, January came and stopped up all the cracks of the house with snow that Dobrunka might not feel the cold. Summer filled her barn with good things and autumn crowded her cellar, and all the year round spring stayed in Dobrunka's heart and kept her beautiful and loving and good.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS.

She was the kindest, fairest Queen that ever the sun shone upon, but she was lonely for she had no little Princess daughter. She longed for one very much indeed, a little girl who would be as kind and fair as she and grow up to be the good Queen in her place.

And one day when it was winter and the road that led to the castle and the huts of the village folks and the trees in the forest were white with snow, the gentle Queen sat by her window embroidering. As she put her needle in and out, drawing bright silk through her embroidery frame, she pricked her slim white finger and two tiny drops of crimson blood fell from it upon

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her ebony frame. The Queen looked at the blood and then she sighed.

"I wish; oh, I wish," she said, "that I had a little daughter whose cheeks were as crimson as this blood and her skin as white as the snow and her hair as black as this embroidery frame!"

Sometimes it happens that what one wishes, and for a long time, comes true. So it was with the Queen. Before very long, she held in her arms her baby Princess, a beautiful little girl whose cheeks were as crimson as blood, her hair ebony black, and her skin so fair that she was named Snow White.

When the Princess Snow White was still a baby, the gentle Queen died and the new Queen who came to rule in her place had a vain, hard heart. She was very beautiful indeed but she thought too much about her beauty, and she had a magic mirror that she used to look into for a long, long time every day. When she was quite alone, and all the doors and windows were shut tightly so that no one might come eavesdropping, the Queen would speak to her mirror and say:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall!
Who is fairest of them all?"

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And the magic mirror never failed to reply to the vain Queen,

“Thou art fairest of them all.”

But presently Snow White grew from a baby into a little girl, very sweet and wonderful, because she was not only lovely to look at but as lovely of heart as her dear mother had been. And one day when the vain Queen asked the magic mirror the same question:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is fairest of them all?”

she was greatly surprised to hear it reply:

“Fair and lovely, though the Queen,
Snow White now is fairer seen.”

The Queen’s wicked heart nearly burst with rage at this. She gave orders that Snow White be turned out of the castle and so she was, although the servants wept as they sent the little girl out on her journey, all alone.

She wandered a long way and was cold and hungry and foot sore, but one day she suddenly came to a tiny little cottage that was set in the midst of some deep woods. Snow White thought that she had never seen such a charming little house in all her life, no larger than a play

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house, yet quite as complete as a large one. She opened the door and went in. How charming it was! There was a little fireplace in which a fire burned merrily. There were seven little chairs set in a half circle about the hearth, and seven little beds all neatly made were ranged against the wall. Upon a long table in the center of the room were seven little plates, each bearing a tiny loaf of bread and seven little pots of jam and seven little mugs of milk. Snow White was very happy. She warmed herself by the fire and then she ate her fill and went to bed where she was soon fast asleep.

She was awakened suddenly by the light from a little brass lantern that shone full in her face. Standing about her bed were seven little dwarfs who lived in the house and had just come back from their day's work of digging gold from under the mountain. Strange little creatures they were, dressed all in green, and as they saw Snow White, they grew very much excited.

"How beautiful she is! Are you a doll?" they cried.

And then as Snow White sat up, frightened, they said:

"Do not be afraid. You are among friends. Tell us, though, how you came in our house."

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So Snow White told how she had been driven away from the castle by the Queen whose heart was hard, and the seven little dwarfs were so sorry that they took out their seven little handkerchiefs and cried seven little tears into them. Then they asked Snow White if she would be willing to stay and keep house for them if they offered her a good home in return.

"But," they said, "be very cautious about keeping the door locked, for the Queen with the hard heart might find you and do you harm while we are away."

Snow White was as happy as a little girl could possibly be keeping house for the seven dwarfs. Not a speck of dust could be found anywhere in the house, the fire always burned brightly, the beds were neat and white and the pots shone like silver. She sang as she worked and every night when the dwarfs came home they brought her a present, a jewel or a bit of gold or a pretty flower. So she forgot all about the Queen who wished her ill, and she often left the door open and the window, too, to let in the song of the forest birds.

One day, Snow White heard a song coming from the road that ran by the cottage:

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"Fine laces and ribbons, fine laces to-day;
Fine laces and ribbons and little to pay,"

was the song.

It was an old woman, dressed like a peddler and carrying on her arm a basket of pretty things that made Snow White run to the door and exclaim over them. The laces were as filmy as a moth's wing; the ribbons were of every color of the rainbow.

"See this ribbon; I will give it to you," said the old woman, holding a ribbon as red as Snow White's cheeks against her black hair. "I will tie it in a pretty bow for you," she said, following Snow White into the house and motioning to her to sit down on one of the little beds.

And as she tied the ribbon about Snow White's hair, the smile on the little girl's face vanished. She closed her eyes and her head dropped back on the pillow and she did not move for she had fallen into a sleep from which no mortal could awaken her. With a wicked laugh the Queen who wished Snow White ill ran out of the cottage, for it was she who had disguised herself as a peddler and come to work her spell.

When the seven little dwarfs came home from their work that evening they looked with great

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sorrow at Snow White. They wrung their little hands and wrinkled their little faces to see her in so deep a sleep. Then they discovered the red ribbon tied about her hair and they saw that it was magic ribbon. They untied it, and Snow White awoke.

The seven little dwarfs did not leave Snow White for several days and when they did, they cautioned her again about keeping the door locked. She promised but, presently, she heard another voice, calling along the road through the woods,

"Fine combs, I sell, fine combs to wear
Fine combs with jewels for your pretty black hair."

Snow White leaned out of the window and she saw a strange woman in a red shawl outside and holding a tray of the most beautiful combs in her hands. Snow White was delighted with the combs; they had all the colors of sea shells and the sea at sunrise, and they were set with precious stones.

"See!" said the woman, holding up a comb made of pink coral, "I will give you this one. Let me come in and arrange it in your hair."

So Snow White let the woman in the red shawl come in and put the coral comb in the midst of

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her black hair but no sooner had it touched her than she fell again into a long sleep and the Queen with the hard heart, for it was she, ran laughing out of the door.

When the seven little dwarfs came home, they were again most sorrowful to see Snow White in a sleep from which they could not waken her. But they soon discovered the coral comb in the midst of her black hair. They pulled it out and Snow White again awoke. They said that they would never leave her again, but she promised so faithfully to keep the door locked that, at last, they shouldered their pick axes and went off to the mountain. And Snow White, no sooner than they had gone, forgot her promise. It was because she heard the cheery call of an apple woman just outside the cottage window:

"Fine apples of yellow and russet and green,
And red ones and sweet ones, the finest e'er seen!"

she sang.

Snow White was very fond indeed of apples and she invited the old apple woman to come inside the cottage. She brewed her a cup of tea and in return the apple woman gave her a big red apple. Alas, no sooner had Snow White taken a bite of it than she dropped to the floor

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in a third long sleep. And the Queen with the hard heart, who had been the apple woman in disguise, fled through the forest. The seven little dwarfs came home and looked sadly at Snow White and did everything in their power to awaken her but she was too sound asleep now, and they could not. So they cut a chest of crystal from the mountain and laid Snow White in it, wearing her best dress, and then they carried her on their shoulders to the top of a hill and laid her there. She was so lovely that the seven little dwarfs wanted every one to see her.

In the castle the Queen spoke to her magic mirror and said:

“Mirror, mirror on the wall!
Who is fairest of them all?”

The mirror answered:

“Thou art fairest of them all.”

So the Queen was quite sure that Snow White was asleep forever.

It was a long time and at last a Prince rode up the hill where Snow White lay. He stopped and looked at her, lying so still, and he thought that he had never seen any one so beautiful in his life. He felt as if he must touch her and he

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leaned against the crystal chest in which she lay.

Snap, it opened and the piece of poisoned apple flew out of Snow White's mouth and she sat up and smiled and was awake.

"Where am I?" she asked in wonder.

"With me, and I love you," said the Prince.

So Snow White went home with the Prince and the seven little dwarfs were the first ones invited to the wedding. Snow White was a Queen, then, as gentle and kind and fair as her dear mother had been.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

It was once upon a time in Germany, the land of toys and sugar plums and dolls and tin soldiers. It was inside the cottage of Peter, the broom maker.

A tiny house and it stood on the edge of the forest. Peter was poor and Mother Gertrude and their children, Hansel and Gretel, had very little to eat. The wall was hung with brooms that Peter had made. There was a jug of milk on the table. If the children were good their mother was going to make them blanc mange. They had eaten nothing but bread for a long time.

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Gretel sat in a corner, knitting a stocking. She looked like a little German doll with her gay dress and her long yellow braids hanging down in the firelight. Hansel sat by the door making brooms. He gathered up a handful of the pretty yellow straw, pulled out the short lengths and tied the longer ones. Ah, he dropped them. Hansel was a little boy who didn't like to work. He tapped his wooden shoes on the floor. He would rather go out and play in the village street with the other boys than make brooms.

Suddenly Peter, the father, called for his cloak for he was going out to try and sell some brooms. Hansel helped Peter put on his long cloak and to strap a bundle of fine new brooms over his shoulder. Gertrude, the mother, decided to go out too but before she went she told the children just what *all* mothers tell *all* children.

"Be good! Be industrious!"

For a while Hansel and Gretel worked industriously, but presently they began to dance and sing. Hansel dipped his fingers in the jug to taste the cream. Hark! The door opened. The children's mother came in and, in her anger at naughty Hansel and Gretel, she knocked from the table the jug of milk. Down it fell and

broke and the precious milk spilled. She chased Hansel who ran out of the door, frightened, and she snatched a basket from the wall and thrust it into Gretel's hand.

"Off, off to the woods!" Gertrude cried. "There seek for strawberries and do not come back until the basket is brimful."

Peter found good fortune in the village and sold all his brooms. Through the forest his merry voice rang as he hurried home with a load of ham and butter, flour and sausage, eggs, onions and half a pound of tea. He called. He peeped through the window, came in and emptied his basket. Gertrude lighted the fire, got out a saucepan and broke eggs into it. In the midst of the supper preparations the father asked, "Where are Hansel and Gretel?"

"For aught I know in the forest of Ilsenstein," Gertrude answered. Then Peter wrung his hands and cried:

"Our children astray without moon or stars! Do you not know that a gobbling ogress lives in the forest? She rides on a broomstick and lures the children with magic gingerbread. Then into her oven hot she pops them until they are brown. Alas, we shall never see them again."

But Hansel and Gretel in the forest of Ilsen-

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stein were not afraid of the witch. They sat, side by side, on a mossy bank, and Gretel's lap was full of sweet wild roses that she was weaving into a garland for Hansel to wear.

"Here is a wreath for your head," Gretel said, but, hark! Way off, sounded a bird call.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!

Hansel and Gretel answered the bird and as they played they imitated the cuckoo who is greedy. Alas, they ate up all the strawberries that they had gathered and they did not dare to go home with the empty basket.

There was no more light by which to hunt for strawberries. The children grew a little afraid. What was that glimmering in the darkness? Out came a little goblin with a lantern, the Will-o-the-Wisp he was, hopping about. Gretel screamed in fright but suddenly from behind the tall, straight fir trees that look like Christmas trees, there tripped the little Sand Man dressed all in gray and carrying a bag upon his back. As he sang to them, Hansel and Gretel lost all their fear and said their evening prayers and went fast asleep.

Tinkle! Tinkle! What was that?

A tiny dew Fairy came out of the morning mist and shook dew drops from a blue bell over

Hansel and Gretel asleep on the bank of moss. Rubbing her eyes and looking about her in wonder, Gretel awoke. She did not remember how frightened she was when the sun set. In the sky she saw the lark, singing a morning song. She was, oh, so happy. She wakened Hansel, and together they ran down a little forest path.

The forest was soon gone. Now Hansel and Gretel came, in a little hidden place, to the house of the Witch of Ilsenstein, shining in the rays of the morning sun. Near by was a great oven with a door that bolted. It was for cooking children. On one side was a cage with a barred gate. It was for holding children whom the Witch was fattening. All about the Witch's house stood figures of little boys and girls; they were made of gingerbread.

But Hansel and Gretel did not see the oven or the cage; they saw only the wonderful little house. Shut your eyes and see it, too; smell it. It was a house to be eaten, all made of chocolate cream and the roof of it covered with Turkish delight. The windows were shining with sugar and the gables were edged with raisins, while all about was a gingerbread hedge. There was no sound outside or inside the house.

"We will go in, Gretel," Hansel said.

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"We don't know who lives in this lovely house," warned Gretel who was more cautious.

"Then we will nibble a bit of it," said Hansel the mischief maker.

Hand in hand, they crept cautiously up to the house and Hansel broke off a bit of the corner. Suddenly there came a deep, strange voice from the house:

"Nibble, nibble, mousekin,
Who's nibbling at my housekin?"

The upper part of the house door opened and out popped the head of the Witch. She was very, very old and she wore a pointed hat and a short skirt and a long cloak. Hansel and Gretel did not see her at first and went on merrily feasting. Then the Witch opened her door wide as she called:

"Wait, you gobbling mousekin,
Here comes the cat from the housekin!"

She threw a rope around Hansel's neck. She clutched Gretel's hand.

"Come with me," she said to Gretel. "If you will keep house for me you shall eat all that you can of chocolate, tarts and *marzipan*, wedding cake and strawberry ices, candy and every-

thing else that nice is; raisins and almonds and citrons are waiting. You will find it all quite captivating," she chuckled.

"And what are you going to do with my brother?" Gretel begged.

"I'll feed and fatten him with every sort of dainty," said the Witch, "to make him tender and tasty. Then I have a great treat in store for him."

Poor Hansel! Now he knew that he would be eaten by the Witch. He tried to pull himself out of the rope and run away, and Gretel helped him, but the Witch raised above them a stick which was hung at her girdle. The knob of the stick began to glow with light and she waved it over the children's heads to enchant them. Hansel looked straight at the lighted knob of the stick and the Witch led him into the cage where children were fattened for eating. She locked the gate. Poor little Gretel stood stiffly in the garden until the Witch disenchanted her and bid her be the housekeeper.

"Go," she said, "go, my pet. Every day the table set; little knife, little fork, little dish, little plate, little napkin lay so straight. Everything make neat and nice, or I'll lock you up, too, in a trice."

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Every day after building her fire the Witch jumped upon her broomstick and rode away over her house and above the trees of the forest of Ilsestein. Then the children were left alone.

How sad you would feel were you shut up, day after day, in a cage waiting to be cooked and eaten. So poor Hansel felt. Every day, before leaving, the Witch asked him to put his fingers through the bars that she might find out if he were fat enough to be popped into her oven. But Hansel was clever; he poked out a clean bone and the Witch who could not see well grumbled to Gretel, "Bring more nuts and raisins sweet. Hansel needs more to eat."

One day the Witch and Gretel were looking at the oven. Ah, the Witch did not remember that she had left the gate of Hansel's cage unbarred. Hansel slipped out as Gretel pretended that she did not understand how to look in the oven at the gingerbread. The Witch's back was turned. She did not see Hansel's escape.

"I don't understand; what must I do?" Gretel asked. Ah, the Witch was very near the oven door. She spoke crossly to Gretel. "Do as I say; this is the way." But just as she bent over,

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Hansel and Gretel pushed her into the oven and shut the door with a bang.

Oh, the joy of Hansel and Gretel! Hansel ran into the house and from the upper windows threw down apples and pears and gilded nuts into Gretel's outstretched apron. There was a sudden crackling in the oven and the flames rose high. The oven fell to bits; Hansel and Gretel running to see what had happened, were surrounded by many little boys and girls. They were the gingerbread children, enchanted by the Witch but now come to life. Their disguise of cakes was fallen from them and as Gretel stroked their little faces their eyes opened and they smiled. As Hansel waved a juniper branch over them they joined hands and danced and sang.

Then the Witch, fallen out of the oven, was herself turned to a great gingerbread figure. And Peter and Gertrude who had journeyed through the forest to find and embrace their lost little ones, Hansel and Gretel, came. In a magic ring they all joined hands and danced because of the wonder wrought.

"In her own snare the Witch was caught."

THE BLUEBIRD

On Christmas Eve a little boy and girl, named Tytyl, and Mytyl, were sound asleep in their cots. Their mother had just crept in to tuck them up in bed, and, turning down the lamp, had tiptoed out again. Suddenly the children opened their eyes and sat up in bed. The light in the lamp flickered faintly, and a soft yellow glow poured through the closed shutters of the windows.

For a few moments they whispered together. Then Tytyl said:

"See the light coming through the shutters. The rich children opposite are having a party. Let's get up and look."

"But we mustn't," said Mytyl, taken aback at her brother's daring.

"Why not?" returned Tytyl.

Hand in hand, they ran across the room in their bare feet, and pushing back the shutters, looked eagerly out. Sure enough, through the windows of the big house across the street, they could see a big Christmas tree laden with presents and children in beautiful frocks dancing about. Suddenly, as Tytyl and Mytyl knelt on

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the stool by the window, pressing their noses against the cold pane, a loud knock sounded upon their door.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tytyl, startled.

As he spoke, the door opened softly and a little old woman stepped into the room. She was dressed all in green with a big red hood, and she leaned heavily upon a big ebony stick.

"I am the Fairy Berlyune," said the little old woman. "Have you here the bird that is blue or the grass that sings? I need the Blue Bird for my little girl, who is very ill."

There was a moment's silence.

"Tytyl has a bird," ventured Mytyl timidly.

"Where is the bird?" asked the Fairy.

"Over there in the cage," said Tytyl.

The Fairy hobbled over to the cage and looked at the bird with her sharp little eyes.

"I don't want it," she said shortly. "It is not blue enough. You will have to go and find for me the one I want. Get dressed at once, for you'll have to start right away."

"But—" objected Tytyl, "we do not know the way."

"That doesn't matter," said the Fairy, "I will give you a magic hat with a diamond in front to help you in your search for the Blue

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Bird. It will give you the power to see things as they really are. Turn the diamond to one side and you will see the past. Turn it to the other, and you will see the future."

As she spoke the Fairy pushed a little green hat firmly down upon Tytyl's head.

"Now turn the diamond," she commanded.

As Tytyl turned it a wonderful change came over everything in the room. The old Fairy became a princess of marvelous beauty. The cottage walls suddenly became blue and transparent as sapphire, and gleamed and sparkled like precious stones. The souls of the loaves in the oven, in the form of little men in crust-colored garments, whisked out of the Bread. The Dog and the Cat, lying quietly by the hearth, woke up and began to talk. The soul of Water, streaming and tearful, came pouring out of the tap. The spirit of the flames sprang hissing from the Fire. The soul of Sugar suddenly appeared as a funny man, in a long white and blue coat, with a very sweet smile. The Milk jug upset from the table with a crash and a bashful, white figure arose dripping from the floor. The lamp, too, fell over with a bang, and from the light sprang up a maiden of dazzling beauty.

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"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Tytyl and Mytyl.

"Don't be afraid," said the Fairy. "Those are only the souls of things, which most people are too stupid and too blind to see."

Suddenly a knock sounded again at the door.

"That's daddy!" exclaimed Tytyl, alarmed. "He's heard us."

"Turn the diamond," commanded the Fairy. "Quick! from left to right!"

Tytyl switched the cap from one side to the other, and the Fairy returned to an old woman once more; but he had turned the hat too quickly, and the souls of Fire, and Water, and Sugar, and Milk, and Bread, and Light, and the Dog and Cat did not have time to resume their natural shapes. A loud knocking was again heard at the door.

"Come! Let us go out of the window," said the Fairy. "You shall all come to my house. You Bread, take the cage in which to put the Blue Bird! Quick! Quick! Let's waste no time!"

And before they knew it, she had whisked them all out of the window and had carried them to her palace. Here she gave Tytyl and Mytyl and Bread and Sugar and the others beautiful new clothes. Then she escorted the chil-

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dren to the threshold of the Land of Memory.

"You are going to visit your grandmother and grandfather," the Fairy told them. "You may find the Blue Bird there. You must go alone, but we will all meet you when you come back."

Then she left them. For a while the children walked on and on. Presently they could not see their way any longer, for a thick fog hung over all the land. At last they came to a large oak with a sign-board nailed to it, and on the board were these words: "The Land of Memory." Suddenly Mytyl began to cry.

"Where are grandad and granny?" she sobbed.

"Behind the fog," returned Tytyl bravely. "Come, don't cry. Look, the fog is lifting already, and we shall see what's behind it."

As Tytyl spoke, the mist began to dissolve. It grew thinner and thinner, until they saw before them in the woods a peasant's little cottage, nestling away under the trees. A bird-cage with a blackbird sleeping in it, his head folded under his wing, hung in the open window. A row of beehives stood near the cottage, but not a bee could be heard humming in the sunshine. Everything seemed asleep. Beside

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the cottage door on a bench sat an old man and an old woman, and their heads nodded up and down as they dozed.

"It's grandad and granny!" exclaimed Tytyl wonderingly.

"Yes! Yes!" cried little Mytyl, clapping her hands with delight. "So it is! So it is!"

Presently they saw their grandmother slowly open her eyes, stretch herself and look at Grandfather Tyl, who was also waking up.

"I have a notion that our grandchildren are coming to see us to-day," Tytyl and Mytyl heard her say.

The children rushed out from behind the trees.

"Here we are! Grandad! Granny!" they shouted, jumping up and down.

"Here we are!"

For a few moments their grandfather and grandmother were so happy to see them that all they could do was to hug and kiss them delightedly.

"Why don't you come oftener to see us?" they asked. "It's months and months now that you've forgotten us, and that we have seen nobody."

"We couldn't," Tytyl explained. "And to-day, it's only because of the Fairy."

"The last time you came," said Granny, "was on All-hallows' Eve, when the church bells were ringing."

"But—" exclaimed Tytyl, much astonished, "we didn't go out that day!"

"No, but you thought of us," answered their grandmother, "and every time you think of us we wake up and see you again."

Presently Mytyl noticed the sleeping bird, and exclaimed, "Why; here is our old black-bird! Does he still sing, Granny?"

As she spoke the bird woke up and began to sing.

"You see," said Granny triumphantly, "as soon as one thinks of him—"

"But the bird's blue, not black!" interrupted Tytyl, in amazement. "He's blue as a blue glass marble. Grandad! Granny! May I have him to take back to the Fairy?"

"Certainly," said they, so Tytyl put him in his cage, and after supper with their grandparents, the children said good-by.

"Don't cry, Granny dear," said Tytyl, "we will come back as often as we can."

"Come back every day," said their grandmother wistfully. "It's our only pleasure to have your thoughts visit us." "Yes, come often,"

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added their grandfather. "We have no other amusements."

So with their precious cage tucked under Tyl-tyl's arm, they set out, waving their handkerchiefs now and then to their dear old grandad and granny. As they walked, the fog closed in about them and hid the cottage from their sight. But a great disappointment awaited them, for when they reached the palace of the Fairy, they found that the bird in the cage was no longer blue. He had turned black.

Once more they set out in search of the Blue Bird, and this time the Fairy sent them to the Palace of Night, accompanied by Bread, Sugar, and the Dog. They wandered on until they came to a wonderful hall lined with gold and ebony and shining black marble. On a great throne in the middle of the hall sat a woman clad in long, trailing, black robes, and in front of the throne sat the Cat. Now the Cat was anxious to prevent the children from finding the Blue Bird, and he had hurried ahead to warn Night that the children were coming. But the Cat was a great hypocrite, and as soon as he saw the children he rushed up to them in pretended delight.

"This way, little master, this way," he purred.

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"I have told Night you were coming, and she is delighted to see you."

Tyltyl explained his errand.

"I have come to look for the Blue Bird," he said; "may I have the keys of your doors?"

"Have you the sign?" asked Night, grudgingly.

Tyltyl touched the diamond in his hat.

Night scowled blackly, but delivered the keys into his hands.

"Look to yourself if you meet with misfortune," said she.

One door after another, around the great black hall, Tyltyl unlocked. In one he found the Ghosts, in another the Wars, in another the Shades and Terrors, and in another the Perfumes of the Night, in still another the Will-o'-the-Wisps and the Fireflies and the Stars. Behind one door he found the Sicknesses, and a little Cold-in-the-Head came popping out, sneezing, coughing and blowing its nose, but in none could he find the Blue Bird. At last he turned to the great door behind the throne of Night. With warning, outstretched hands she blocked his path.

"Do not open that one," said Night, terribly. "If you do you will surely be lost."

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"I must open the door," answered Tytyl, rather frightened, but gathering his courage together. "Sugar and Bread, take Mytyl by the hand and run away with her."

So the others fled away as fast as they could, only Tylo, the Dog, remained faithfully by his master's side, muttering, "I shall stay, I shall stay! I am not afraid! I shall stay with my little master!"

With trembling fingers Tytyl inserted the key in the great doors. At the first touch they slid softly aside. Tytyl stood staring in utter bewilderment, for instead of the fearful cavern he had expected, a beautiful garden lay before him, shimmering in the moonshine, and in every moonbeam a fairy Blue Bird hovered.

"Mytyl, Tylo!" shouted Tytyl, half wild with excitement. "Come all. Help me! Thousands of Blue Birds. Millions! You can catch them by the handfuls."

The children rushed into the dazzling garden and came forth, their arms full of struggling Blue Birds, and hurried away as fast as they could to find the Fairy and tell her the good news. The Cat remained behind.

"Have they got the real Blue Bird?" questioned Night fearfully.

"No . . . I see him there, on that moonbeam," exulted the Cat. "They could not reach him! He kept too high."

In the meanwhile the children had met the spirit of Light.

"Have you caught the Blue Bird?" asked Light.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Tytyl, eagerly. "As many as we want! Here they are!"

But, as he held out the birds he suddenly saw that they were dangling limp and lifeless in his hands. He had only caught the moonbeam Blue Birds. The real one had escaped.

Still the children wandered on and on until they came at midnight to the churchyard. The moon was shining brightly on the grassy mounds and the wooden crosses on the graves. Tytyl and Mytyl crept into the churchyard. Mytyl was frightened.

"I want to go away," she pleaded.

"Not now, little sister," said Tytyl, bravely. "I am going to turn the diamond and we'll see the souls of the dead."

"No! No!—Don't," gasped Mytyl. "I am frightened, brother!"

"There's no danger," Tytyl reassured her.

"I—I don't want to see the dead," persisted Mytyl. "I don't want to see them."

"Very well, you sha'n't see them. Shut your eyes," returned Tytyl, and he put up his hand to turn his cap. For a moment he too felt like closing his eyes. There was a pause of terrifying silence. Then, slowly, the crosses began to totter, the mounds opened.

"They're coming out," gasped Mytyl, cowering against Tytyl.

Slowly, slowly, the slabs rose up,—a tiny mist came from the ground. Then little by little, green shoots pushed their heads through the sod, and a pure white lily unfolded itself on every grave. Mytyl opened her eyes and stared with dazzled eyes at the fairy-like luminous field.

"Where—where are the dead?" she whispered, trembling.

"There are no dead," exclaimed Tytyl, awestruck.

But the Blue Bird was not in the churchyard.

It was Christmas morning when Mytyl and Tytyl awoke from this wonderful dream. There was the same cottage room; the same light streamed in the window; bread was in the big wooden bowl, water in the tap; there were the loving dog and the cat. The children jumped

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up, dressed, and tried to tell mother and father all about where they had been and of all their adventures but it was hard to make them believe. Mytyl and Tytyl were very happy, though, happier than they had ever been before. They danced about the room, but there came a second knock on the door.

A little old woman, leaning on a stick, walked in.

"It is the Fairy Berlyune," said Mytyl.

"You are dreaming," her mother cried. "It is only our neighbor, Goody Berlingot."

"My little girl is very ill," said the Goody. "She still wants Tytyl's bird."

"Tytyl," said his mother, "will you not give our neighbor's little girl your bird? She has been wanting it for ever so long."

Tytyl reached up and took down the cage, putting it in Goody Berlingot's hands. Then he gasped in surprise.

His bird was blue.

It made the little sick daughter of Goody Berlingot well to have the Blue Bird. Although it flew away after a while to other children all over the world, it left a trail of happiness behind it in the poor little cottage of Mytyl and Tytyl. How bright was the kitchen!

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How good were the Water, Bread, Milk, the Dog, and the Cat. They had never known before.

And so it is with most of us. We are trying to find happiness everywhere, in the most out-of-the-way places when, if we did but know it, it is waiting for us when we try to give happiness to others. Most of all, we can find it at home.

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THE KINGLY CHILDREN

Once upon a time there was a Goose-Girl who lived among the hills that looked down on the town of Hellabrunn. A little, sunlit glade it was where she lived and she, herself, with her golden hair and bright smile and blue eyes looked as if she had been made of the sunshine. Her dress was brown and ragged and a scarlet kerchief knotted about her yellow curls was her only hat, but she loved to plait wreaths of wild flowers to wear for her crown and a hazel twig was the scepter with which she ruled her subjects—twelve white geese.

The Goose-Girl had never seen the world. She had no father or mother, but lived with a

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Witch in a little hut at the edge of the forest. Dark and moss covered was the hut; a black raven lived on the roof and gray smoke rose from the crooked, weather stained chimney from the fire over which the Witch made her magic pasty. But the little Goose-Girl was merry and good, and all day long she sang as she tended her flock of geese.

"Come in," called the Witch to the Goose-Girl one day. "Here are the acorns prepared, the meal and the simples. You must help me make a pasty."

The little Goose-Girl did as she was bade, scouring the copper kettle, and mixing the dough with strange powders of black and red, but as she stirred the magic pasty she longed to go beyond the hills and find what wonders lay on the other side. Soon, the pasty was baking. The Goose-Girl ran out among her flowers, and put a wreath upon her head. Suddenly she stood still in surprise. Who was that coming over the hill?

It was the King's Son, but no one knew it for he had left his riches behind that he might be free. He wore the poor dress of a huntsman, but his eyes were large and flaming. He carried a sword at his side and over his shoul-

der, slung on a stick, he had a bundle. Slowly and softly he came and then he saw the Goose-Girl and stopped, smiling, to watch her for a while.

The little Goose-Girl was frightened. She had never seen a youth like the King's Son before.

"Who are you?" she asked at last.

"A wanderer," the King's Son replied, "torn and tattered, and wet by the rain and beaten by the winds. But you—to me you are summer bringing."

Then he told the Goose-Girl of the Kingdom from which he had come, all fragrant with flowers, where gold blossoms were strewed over the meadows and fish filled the rivers and birds the green bowers. Then he took the Goose-Girl's little white hand in his and he said:

"Will you go there, go maying with me?"

To leave the dark hut of the Witch, to go with this new friend who was so kind—oh, how happy the little Goose-Girl was. The King's Son undid his bundle; it held a golden crown that he offered to the Goose-Girl. But all at once as they started to go, she found that she could not move. She was bewitched, as if she had been turned to stone.

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The King's Son could not understand why she stood so still. He threw the crown down on the grass and went away and left her for he believed that the Goose-Girl did not wish to go with him.

"You will never see me again," he said, "until a star has fallen into the lily that grows here in your garden."

She called to him but he would not return. Then she picked up the crown and hung it about the gray goose's neck that she might hide it. She could walk now and the Witch, scolding her, called her into the hut, but her eyes turned toward the lily. She knew that she would look for the star there, always.

They took the magic paste from the coals and set it on a shelf for now it was done. Hark, what was that? A sound of sweet music came into the hut and down from the hills came a Fiddler, and with him the Wood Cutter and the Broom Maker of Hellabrunn. They knocked at the Witch's door.

"We look for a King's Son," the Fiddler said. "The people of Hellabrunn want a King's own son or a daughter dear of the King's own blood to rule over them."

The Witch laughed mockingly at the Fiddler; then she made a prophecy to him.

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"The first person, rich or poor, in silk or in rags, who enters the town gate to-morrow at noon shall be put upon the throne of Hella-brunn," she said.

The Fiddler saw tears in the little Goose-Girl's eyes and he tried to comfort her.

"The King's own son came to the woodland straying," she said. "He spoke of maying, but he left me for I could not follow him."

"If you know the King's Son, help us find him," cried the Fiddler.

"I cannot!" the little Goose-Girl cried. But suddenly from the sky, grown dark now with night, a star fell down into the lily in the garden that opened wide and glowed.

"He is waiting for me!" cried the little Goose-Girl and followed by her geese she ran off into the woods.

The news of the Witch's prophecy reached the town of Hellabrunn and everybody was in a turmoil of excitement the next day, awaiting their new ruler. The King's Son was there and he wished to find some work to do, but they looked at his poor clothes and said they could offer him nothing but herding the swine.

"Don't trouble us," they said. "On the stroke of twelve a King's Son, richly dressed

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and covered with gems, will enter the town gate."

"Could he not enter in rags?" asked the King's Son. And they laughed at the idea; "That could never be," they said. Scoffed at and treated as a rogue, the King's Son was lost in the crowd. Only the Broom Maker's little girls with flaxen hair and each carrying a little broom ran up to him and, looking into his flaming eyes, knew him. They took his hands and he played with them until the clock struck eight, nine, ten, eleven.

The crowd of townspeople rushed to the gate and the King's Son stood near by, alone, and listening to the tolling of the bells.

"I hear the King's horses," said the Wood Cutter.

"His wheels are a-rumble," said the Broom-Maker.

The clock struck twelve and the town gate was thrown open wide. The sun shone brightly through the clouds and in through the gate came the Goose-Girl with her flock of geese and the Fiddler playing and walking a few steps behind. As soon as she entered she saw the King's Son.

"I've come to thee," she cried. The King's Son prostrated himself before her.

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"The sunlight has crowned thee, my Queen!" he cried.

But the crowd jeered and laughed at them.

"A gander maid, and she is barefooted!" they cried. "She is ragged and tattered and he calls her a Queen."

"Dullards, you are blind. Know you not those of the Kingly kind?" asked the Fiddler.

But the people with sticks and stones drove the King's Son and the Goose-Girl out through the gate and closed it tightly behind them. They had not eyes to see that they were Kingly Children. Only the Broom Maker's smallest child could see.

"It was a King and a Queen whom you drove away," she said, weeping, but no one would believe her.

It came to be winter in the little glade in the woods. The Witch's hut was falling to pieces, the goose pond was frozen over and snow fell softly over the bare trees and the garden. The Fiddler looked out of one of the broken windows. The Witch had been burned for her false prophecy about the Kingly ruler of Hella-brunn and the Fiddler was imprisoned in her hut because he had been kind to the Kingly Children. As he fed the doves that the little Goose-

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Girl had left behind, the Wood Cutter and the Broom Maker came to the hut.

"We haven't come here to harm you," they said as the old Fiddler heard them and was frightened.

"We are certain—we are sure they must have been our Master, the King, and his lovely Queen. Lead us to them," they said, remembering the Kingly Children.

The Fiddler said that he would do as they asked him, although he was lame now and blind, and the winter was deep, but he said that he wished to go alone because the Wood Cutter and the Broom Maker had been among those who stoned the Kingly Children from the gates. To shelter themselves from the snow as the Fiddler, singing, went away through the forest, the two stepped inside the hut. There they found the magic pasty that the Witch had baked.

There came a sudden gust of wind, the snow fell more heavily and the glade grew dark. Then the King's Son came down the hill, carrying the little Goose-Girl. They were hungry and cold and worn with their long wandering. The Goose-Girl tried to walk.

"I feel quite well. Let me go; I burden you so," she said softly.

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"You are light as snow and as easy to bear as the birds of the air," cried the King's Son, still holding her hand for she could not walk alone. Hand in hand, they went up to the door of the hut and rapped, but the Wood Cutter and the Broom Maker, peering out of the window, again did not know them. They slammed the window shut and would not open the door. The children staggered to the hillside and there, where the gray goose had dropped it, lay the golden crown. The King's Son picked it up and hurried back to the hut, the little Goose-Girl stumbling behind him. He broke the crown in two.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he cried. "Here is gold to pay you for bread."

The Broom Maker took down the Witch's magic pasty. "All I have is an old loaf," he said. Then he pointed to the other half of the crown, "but you must double the price. The loaf is still firm and fat."

"Take all, then, but give me that," said the King's Son as he snatched the loaf and ran with the Goose-Girl to a little hillock, covered with snow. They shared the loaf and ate it. It was poison, but the long sleep into which the Kingly Children fell was a happy one, for they

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were still together and the winter, in their dreams, turned to golden spring.

The Fiddler, returning, fitted together the two pieces of gold and he saw that they made a crown.

"Kingly Children!" he called, "Where are you?"

When the three found the King's Son and the little Goose-Girl so sound asleep that they could not be awakened, they carried them up the hill with the broken crown lying upon the cloak with which they covered them. All the way the Fiddler sang and played a song that the people of Hellabrunn heard and remembered and that you may hear to-day:

"The song that the old, old Fiddler made—
From the earth to the heavens,
From heaven to earth!
Though I am blind, your eyes I've opened;
Those who are dead shall rise again,
And shining in all your hearts remain
My Kingly Children."

THE END

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